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THE HASLEWOOD BOOKS
ENGLANDS HELICON 1600

Englands Helicon

Reprinted from the Edition of 1600
with additional Poems from
the Edition of 1614



LONDON
Printed for *Frederick Etchells* and
Hugh Macdonald at
1a Kensington Place W 8
1925

OF THIS EDITION, PRINTED IN ENGLAND AT THE
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS ON KENTISH ALL-RAG
PAPER, 900 NUMBERED COPIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED.
IN ADDITION, 50 COPIES HAVE BEEN PRINTED
ON BATCHELOR'S KELMSCOTT PAPER NUMBERED
I TO 50.

THIS IS NUMBER..674

Introduction

OF all the collections of lyrical poetry published between *Tottels Miscellany* in 1557 and *The Golden Treasury* in 1861 *Englands Helicon* is by far the most important. The general level of the poetry brought together in the volume is higher than that in any of the other early anthologies, and it contains a much larger number of poems which have kept their place among the treasures of English literature.

The present edition is a page for page reprint of the first, published by John Flasket in a quarto volume in 1600. The type has been set up partly from photographs of the copy in the British Museum (c. 39. e. 48), the last leaf of which has been supplied in facsimile from one of the Bodleian copies, and partly from a fragment of sixty-four original pages in my own possession. Page numbers have been added for convenience of reference, and the form 's' has been substituted for 'f', but otherwise the type of the original and its arrangement on the page have been closely followed. The original punctuation has been exactly adhered to except in about a dozen places where some alteration was necessary if the meaning was not to be left obscure or the reader's pleasure interrupted. In every case of alteration the punctuation of the first edition has been given in the notes.

Of the 150 poems printed in the first edition, more than three-quarters had appeared in books previously published, and these have been, wherever possible, collated with the original texts, and any variations other than those of spelling and punctuation carefully noted. In a few instances where poems which appeared in *Englands Helicon* for the first time were reprinted in books published soon after 1600, differences have also been recorded. For the purpose of collation I have in most cases gone to the original books, but I have now and then relied on modern editions published by the University Presses, as for instance Churton Collins' *Poems and Plays of Robert Greene*, and Dr E. H. Fellowes' *English Madrigal Verse*. Corrections, usually on the authority of the poems as originally printed, have been made in a very few cases where the sense

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requires it, but the reading of the 1600 edition will invariably be found in the notes. A second edition was published by Richard More in octavo in 1614 containing nine extra poems, and these have been printed at the end of the volume.

In 1812 Sir Egerton Brydges and Joseph Haslewood published a new edition, with notes on the authorship and sources of the poems; in 1865 J. O. Halliwell printed, in a very limited issue, fourteen of the poems under the title of *Those Songs and Poems from the excessively rare first edition of Englands Helicon 1600 . . . which are connected with the works of Shakespeare*; and in 1867 J. Payne Collier included *Englands Helicon* among his *Seven English Poetical Miscellanies printed between 1557 and 1602*. In 1887 Mr A. H. Bullen brought out his well-known edition (reprinted in 1899), in which the work of identification of the authors of the anonymous poems and of those wrongly attributed in the original edition, was carried much further than had previously been done. Bullen modernized the spelling and punctuation, and I have found a few unimportant errors, but it is, of course, to his edition that I am principally indebted in the preparation of this.

Anthologies or Miscellanies became popular as soon as there was lyrical poetry to be collected, and as early as 1557 poems by Surrey, Wyatt and others were published in the famous volume known as *Tottels Miscellany*, which by 1587 had gone through eight editions. In 1576 there appeared *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, frequently reprinted, containing poems by Lord Oxford, William Hunnis, Richard Edwards the editor of the volume, and others; in 1578 *A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions* edited by Owen Roydon and Thomas Proctor; and in 1584 Clement Robinson's *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, a collection of ballads believed to have been previously issued in 1566 under the title of *Very pleasaunte Sonnettes and Storyes in Meyter*. In 1593 came *The Phoenix Nest*, to which Lodge and Breton were the most important contributors, the editor, known only by the designation 'R.S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman,' being perhaps Richard Stapleton. In 1600 appeared *Englands Helicon*, and in 1602 *Davisons Poetical Rapsody*, composed mainly of hitherto unpublished

poems and edited by Francis Davison, himself a poet and a large contributor to the volume.

All these were true anthologies, but there were also published certain volumes which can be better described as collections or dictionaries of quotations. Two of these, *Politeuphuia or Wits Commonwealth*, 1597, and *Wits Theater of the little World*, 1599, consist of short prose extracts, or poetry printed as prose, and two, *Bel-vedere or the Garden of the Muses* and *Englands Parnassus*, both issued in 1600, of poetical passages of not more than a few lines in length, taken from contemporary writers. The first three of these concern us in connection with the identification of the compiler and editor of *Englands Helicon*. This has always been a matter of dispute, the issue depending to a large extent on the interpretation of certain words used in the dedicatory sonnet signed A.B., and in the address *To the Reader* signed L.N. at the beginning of the volume. It was at one time customary to assign the editorship to John Bodenham, to whom the work is dedicated, and whose coat of arms appears on the verso of the title page, and the book is still invariably catalogued under his name. Bodenham, as is shown by the wording of the dedications to him in *Wits Commonwealth* and *Wits Theater* and of the A.B. Sonnet in *Englands Helicon*, had a hand in the production of the two former, either as a compiler of the material, or as the projector of the work and friend of the editors—Nicholas Ling in the first case, and Robert Allot in the second. From the reference to him in one of the preliminary sonnets to *Bel-vedere* as the

‘First causer and collectour of these floures’:

and as the Bee that

‘euery where didst rome,
Spending thy spirits in laborious care’:

and in *The Conclusion*, printed at the end of the book, it seems certain that in the case of this volume Bodenham did, with the help of friends, actually collect the poems. It is likewise clear that Bodenham had some connection with *Englands Helicon*, though whether he was here also the compiler of the material

as Mr Crawford maintains,¹ or merely the projector of the publication as Bullen asserted, there is not sufficient evidence to determine. However it may be, the actual preparation of the book for the press was no doubt done by either A.B. or L.N. It has usually been attributed to A.B., about whom nothing is known except that he contributed an introductory sonnet to *Bel-vedere* also. Quite recently² Dr J. W. Hebel, of Cornell University, has put forward the theory that Nicholas Ling (represented by the transposed initials L.N.), who, as has been stated, was the editor of *Wits Commonwealth*, was actually the editor of *Englands Helicon* also. He bases his theory on the general wording of the address *To the Reader*, which certainly suggests that the writer of it had encountered editorial difficulties, and on A.B.'s express statement that his own pains in the matter had not been great. He points out, moreover, that the five poems by Michael Drayton contained in the volume, are taken from manuscript sources, and that Ling, who was for many years Drayton's publisher, would have been more likely than anyone else to have had access to his unpublished writings, an argument which undoubtedly lends a good deal of support to his contention.

Whoever was responsible for the book had a very definite object in view. He wished to make it a purely pastoral anthology, and to this end went chiefly to such works as the *Arcadia*, Greene's *Menaphon* and Lodge's *Rosalynde* for his material. If the original titles to the poems did not suit his purpose, he supplied new ones, and frequently made small alterations in the poems themselves to give them the necessary pastoral character. This preoccupation may to some extent explain the inclusion of an altogether undue number of dull poems from Bartholomew Yong's *Diana*—a translation of a Spanish pastoral romance by Montemayor—which has hitherto been the subject of the most serious criticism brought against *Englands Helicon*, and can only otherwise be accounted for on the supposition that Yong was a friend either of Bodenham, Ling, or A.B.

Unfortunately the editor of *Englands Helicon* does not seem

¹ *Englands Parnassus*. Clarendon Press, 1913.

² *The Library*, September 1924.

to have been at much pains to assure himself of the authorship of the poems he was printing, and in many cases either no authors are assigned or the attributions are incorrect. It is obvious from Ling's address that he at least felt some uneasiness on this score, for he calls upon anyone who has 'beene defrauded of anything by him composed' to come forward and claim his own. Moreover, after the volume had been printed, a slip changing the attribution to *Ignoto* was pasted over the original signature in the case of four poems, and in a fifth the name of Nicholas Breton was in the same manner substituted for that of Sir Philip Sidney.

In the British Museum is a MS. list (Harl. MS. 280 fo. 99) believed to be in the handwriting of Francis Davison, of the poems in *Englands Helicon* and their authors. It differs occasionally from the book in its attributions, and where this is the case I have referred to it in the notes, although as it sometimes follows the mistakes of the latter it cannot be regarded as an entirely reliable authority.

The first edition is an extremely rare book, and there are very few records of copies in sale catalogues. There are, however, at least four in public libraries in this country. Besides the British Museum copy already mentioned, which was acquired at the Corser sale in 1873, there are two in the Bodleian and one in the John Rylands Library at Manchester. The finer of the Bodleian copies had belonged to Major Pearson, Steevens and Malone, and the other was left to the library by Nathaniel Crynes in 1745. J. P. Collier possessed a copy wanting several leaves, and another was sold at the Hoe sale in New York in 1911. The book was entered on the Stationers Register on the 4th August, 1600:

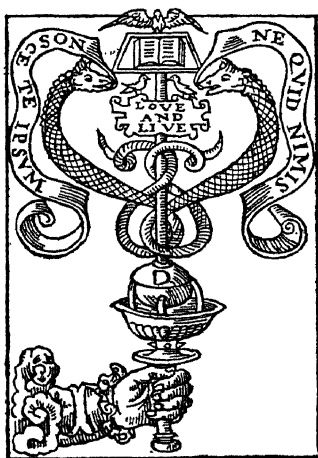
John Masket. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master
Doctor Barlowe and the Wardens a booke called
Englandes Helicon . . . vj^d.

The title page of the original edition has been reproduced in type-facsimile.

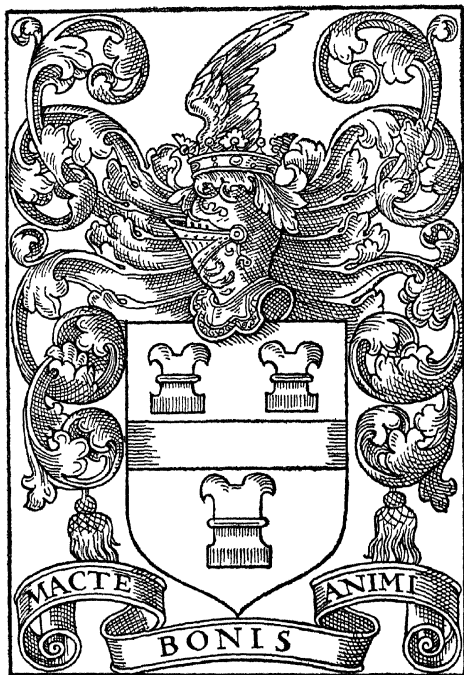
HUGH MACDONALD

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Caſta placent ſuperis,
pura cum veſte venite,
Et manibus puris
fumite fontis aquam.



AT LONDON
Printed by I. R. for *Iohn Flaſket*, and are
to be ſold in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne
of the Beare. 1600.





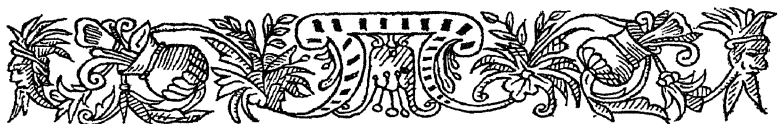
TO HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND,
Maister *Iohn Bodenham*.

WIts Common-wealth, *the first fruites of thy paines,*
Drew on Wits Theater, thy second Sonne:
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.
Next, in the Muses Garden, gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a Nosegay, as was neuer sweeter:
Whose sent will sauour to Times latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no Poesie meeter.
Now comes thy Helicon, to make compleate
And furnish vp thy last impos'd designe:
My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,
But what-so-ere, my loue (and all) is thine.
Take loue, take paines, take all remaines in me:
And where thou art, my hart still liues with thee.

A. B.

A. 3.

To



To his very louing friends, M. *Nicholas*
Wanton, and M. *George Faucet*.
(..)

THough many miles (but more occasions) doo sunder
vs (kind Gentlemen) yet a promise at parting, dooth
in iustice claime performance, and assurance of gentle
acceptance, would mightilie condemne me if I should
neglect it. Helicon, though not as I could wish, yet in
such good sort as time would permit, hauing past the pikes
of the Presse, comes now to Yorke to salute her rightfull
Patrone first, and next (as his deere friends and kindsmen)
to offer you her kinde seruice. If shee speede well there, it
is all shee requires, if they frowne at her heere, she greatly
not cares: for the wise (she knowes) will neuer be other
then them selues, as for such then as would seeme so, but
neither are, nor euer will be, she holds this as a maine prin-
ciple; that their malice neede as little be feared, as their
fauour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping you will
not forget vs there, as we continuallie shall be mindefull
of you heere. I leaue you to the delight of Englands He-
licon.

Yours in all he may,

A. B.



To the Reader, if indifferent.

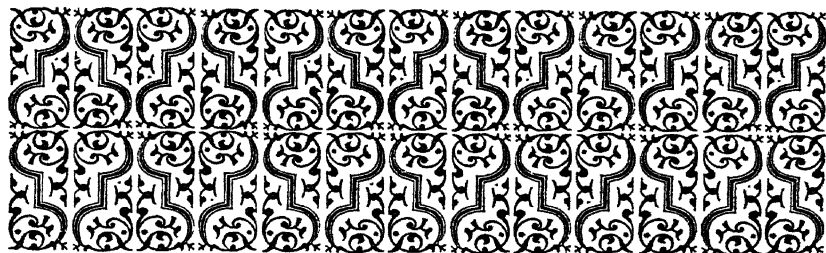
MAny honoured names haue heretofore (in their particular interest,) patronized some part of these inuentions: many here be, that onely these Collections haue brought to light, & not inferiour (in the best opinions) to anie before published. The trauaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which seuered, might in part haue perished, digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour. If any man hath beene defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another mans title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publike, where els he might be robd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same vnder any mans name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall copy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any inuention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leafe or two, meete with another in reputation euery way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his Poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious or be intreated for his fame.

Nowe, if any Stationer shall finde faulte, that his Coppies are robd by any thing in this Collection, let me aske him this question, VVhy more in this, then in any Diuine or humaine Authour: From whence a man (writing of that argument) shal gather any saying, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the Authour of the same. This is the simplest
of

To the Reader.

of many reasons that I could vrdege, though perhaps the needest his capacitie, but that I would beloth to trouble my selfe, to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoeuer, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meanner man in the eye of the world, shall be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoeuer so excepting, that, that mans wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred Name) haue beene placed with the names of the greatest Princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest iudgements, without disparagement to their soueraigne titles: which if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him vnworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a Poet. Thus gentle Reader I wish thee all happines.

L. N.



ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *The Sheepheard to his chosen Nymph.*

O Nely ioy, now heere you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispring voyce obtaine,
Sweet reward for sharpest paine.
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke,
Daunger hence good care dooth keepe,
Iealousie it selfe dooth sleepe.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Better place no wit can finde,
Cupids yoake to loose or binde,
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their best language woo,
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

This small light the Moone bestowes,
Serues thy beames but to enclose,
So to raise my hap more hie,
Feare not else, none can vs spie.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

B.

That

That you heard was but a Mouse,
 Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house,
 Yet a-sleepe me thinks they say,
 Young folkes, take time while you may.
 Take me to thee, and thee to me:
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we misse
 This large offer of our blisse,
 Long stay, ere he graunt the same,
 (Sweet then) while each thing dooth frame,
 Take me to thee, and thee to me:
 No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Your faire Mother is a bed,
 Candles out, and Curtaines spred,
 She thinks you doo Letters write,
 Write, but let me first indite.
 Take me to thee, and thee to me,
 No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Sweete (alas) why striue you thus?
 Concord better fitteth vs.
 Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands,
 Your power in your beauty stands.
 Take me to thee, and thee to me:
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Woe to me, and you doo sweare
 Me to hate, but I forbear,
 Cursed be my destenies all,
 That brought me to so high a fall.
 Soone with my death I will please thee:
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

THE ORELLO.

¶ *A Sheepheards Edillion.*

YOU Sheepheards which on hillocks sit,
 like Princes in their throanes:
 And guide your flocks, which else would flit,
 your flocks of little ones:
 Good Kings haue not disdained it,
 but Sheepheards haue beene named:
 A sheepe-hooke is a Scepter fit,
 for people well reclaimed.

The Sheepheards life so honour'd is and praised:
 That Kings lesse happy seeme, though higher raised.

The Sommer Sunne hath guilded faire,
 with morning rayes the mountaines:
 The birds doo caroll in the ayre,
 and naked Nymphs in Fountaines.
 The *Siluanes* in their shagged haire,
 with *Hamadriades* trace:

The shadie *Satires* make a Quiere,
 which rocks with Ecchoes grace.

All breathe delight, all solace in the season:
 Not now to sing, were enemie to reason.

Cosma my Loue, and more then so,
 the life of mine affections:

Nor life alone, but Lady too,
 and Queene of their directions.

Cosma my Loue, is faire you know,
 and which you Sheepheards know not:

Is (*Sophi* said) thence called so,
 but names her beauty shoue not.

Yet hath the world no better name then she:
 And then the world, no fairer thing can be.

The Sunne vpon her fore-head stands,
 (or iewell Sunne-like glorious,)

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her fore-head wrought with *Ioues* owne hands,
 for heauenly white notorious.
 Her golden lockes like *Hermus* sands,
 (or then bright *Hermus* brighter:)
 A spangled Cauill binds in with bands,
 then siluer morning lighter.
 And if the Planets are the chiefe in skies:
 No other starres then Planets are her eyes.

Her cheeke, her lip, fresh cheeke, more fresh,
 then selfe-blowne buds of Roses:
 Rare lip, more red then those of flesh,
 which thousand sweetes encloses:
 Sweet breath, which all things dooth refresh,
 and words than breath farre sweeter:
 Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile nor nesh,
 as substance which is fleeter.
 In praise doo not surmount, although in placing:
 Her christall necke, round breast, and armes embracing.

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,
 is not so perfect cleare:
 As is the skie of her faire skinne,
 whereon no spots appeare.
 The parts which ought not to be seene,
 for soueraigne woorth excell:
 Her thighs with Azure braunched beene,
 and all in her are well.
 Long Iuorie hands, legges straighter then the Pine:
 Well shapen feete, but vertue most diuine.

Nor cloathed like a Sheeheardesse,
 but rather like a Queene:
 Her mantle dooth the formes expresse,
 of all which may be seene.
 Roabe fitter for an Empresse,
 then for a Sheeheardes loue:

Roabe

Roabe fit alone for such a Lasse,
as Emperours doth moue.
Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne brother,
Would grace herselfe with, or with such another.

Who euer (and who else but *Ioue*)
embroidered the same:
Hee knew the world, and what did moue,
in all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
the counterfeits he wrought:
Of wood-Gods, and of euery groaue,
and all which else was ought.
Is there a beast, a bird, a fish worth noate?
Then that he drew, and picturde in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin
vnto her anckle trailes:
Through which the shapes discerned bin,
as too and fro it sailes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
to search her wonders out:
Of monsters and of Gods a kin,
which her empale about.
A little world her flowing garment seemes:
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For heere and there appeare forth towers,
among the chalkie downes:
Citties among the Country bowers,
which smiling Sun-shine crownes.
Her mettall buskins deckt with flowers,
as th'earth when frosts are gone:
Besprinckled are with Orient showers
of hayle and pebble stone.
Her feature peerelesse, peerelesse her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

O who can sing her beauties best,
or that remaines vnsung?

Doe thou *Apollo* tune the rest,
vnworthy is my tongue.

To gaze on her, is to be blest,
so wondrous fayre her face is;

Her fairenes cannot be exprest,
in Goddesses nor Graces.

I loue my loue, the goodly worke of Nature:
Admire her face, but more admire her stature.

On thee (*ô Cosma*) will I gaze,
and reade thy beauties euer:

Delighting in the blessed maze,
which can be ended neuer.

For in the luster of thy rayes,
appeares thy parents brightnes:

Who himselfe infinite displaies
in thee his proper greatnes.

My song must end, but neuer my desire:
For *Cosmas* face is *Theorellos* fire.

FINIS.

E. B.

Astrophels Loue is dead.

RIng out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread,
For Loue is dead.

All loue is dead, infected

With plague of deepe disdaine:

Worth as nought worth reiected,

And faith faire scorne doth gaine.

From so vngratefull fancie,

From such a femall frenzie,

From them that vse men thus:

Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe

Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it saide

That Loue is dead?

His death-bed Peacocks follie,

His winding sheete is shame:

His will false, seeming holie,

His sole exectour blame.

From so vngratefull fancie,

From such a female frenzie,

From them that vse men thus:

Good Lord deliuer vs.

Let Dirge be sunge, and Trentals richly read,

For Loue is dead. '

And wrong his Tombe ordaineth,

My Mistresse marble hart:

Which Epitaph containeth,

Her eyes were once his Dart.

From so vngratefull fancie,

From such a female frenzie,

From them that vse men thus:

Good Lord deliuer vs.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this error bred,

Loue is not dead.

Loue is not dead, but sleepeth

In her vnmatched minde:

Where shee his counsell keepeth,

Till due desert she find.

Therefore from so vile fancie,

To call such wit a frenzie,

Who loue can temper thus:

Good Lord deliuer vs.

FINIS.

Sir. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *A Palinode.*

AS withereth the Primrose by the riuér,
 As fadeth Sommers-sunne from gliding fountaines;
 As vanisheth the light blowne bubble euer,
 As melteth snow vpon the mossie Mountaines.
 So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
 The Rose, the shine, the bubble and the snow,
 Of praise, pompe, glorie, ioy (which short life gathers,)
 Faire praise, vaine pompe, sweet glory, brittle ioy.
 The withered Primrose by the mourning riuér,
 The faded Sommers-sunne from weeping fountaines:
 The light-blowne bubble, vanished for euer,
 The molten snow vpon the naked mountaines,
 Are Emblems that the treasures we vp-lay,
 Soone wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snowe, whose lawne did ouer-spread
 Th'ambitious hills, which Giant-like did threat
 To pierce the heauen with theyr aspiring head,
 Naked and bare doth leaue their craggie seate.
 When as the bubble, which did emptie flie
 The daliance of the vndiscerned winde:
 On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,
 Hath shipwrack made, where it did daliance finde:
 And when the Sun-shine which dissolu'd the snow,
 Cullourd the bubble with a pleasant varie,
 And made the rathe and timely Primrose grow,
 Swarth clowdes with-drawne (which longer time doe tarie)
 Oh what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so
 As shine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers or snow?

FINIS.

E. B.

¶ *Astrophell the Sheep-beard, his complaint to
his flocke.*

GOe my flocke, goe get yee hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding:
Where yee may haue some defence
From the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all woe,
can abide to keepe no measure:
Merry Flocke, such one forgoe
vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
onely ritch in mischiefes treasure.

Yet (alas) before you goe,
heare your wofull Maisters Storie:
Which to stones I else would showe,
Sorrow onely then hath glorie:
when tis excellently sorrie.

Stella, fiercest Sheephardesse,
fiercest, but yet fairest euer:
Stella, whom the heauens still blesse,
though against me she perseuer,
though I blisse, inherite neuer.

Stella, hath refused me,
Stella, who more loue hath proued
In this caitiffe hart to be,
Then can in good eawes be moued:
Towards Lambkins best beloued.

Stella, hath refused me,
Astrophell that so well serued,
In this pleasant Spring must see,
while in pride flowers be preserued:
himselfe onely Winter-sterued.

C.

Why

Why (alas) then dooth she sweare,
 that she loueth me so dearely:
 Seeing me so long to beare
 coales of loue that burne so clearly:
 and yet leaue me helplesse meerely?

Is that loue? Forsooth I trow,
 if I saw my good dogge greeued:
 And a helpe for him did know,
 my Loue should not be beleued:
 but he were by me releued.

No, she hates me, well away,
 faigning loue, somewhat to please me:
 Knowing, if she should display
 all her hate, Death soone would seaze me:
 and of hideous torments ease me.

Then my deare Flocke now adiew,
 but (alas) if in your straying,
 Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,
 tell her in your pittious blaying:
 her poore slaues vniust decaying.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ Hobbinolls *Dittie in prayse of Eliza Queene of the
 Shepheards.*

YEe dainty Nymphs that in this blessed Brooke
 Doo bath your brest;
 Forsake your watry Bowers, and hether looke
 At my request.
 And you faire Virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
 Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well:

Helpe

Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Who in her sexe dooth all excell.

Of faire *Eliza* be your siluer song,
That blessed wight:
The flower of Virgins, may she flourish long,
In Princely plight:
For shee is *Sirinx* daughter, without spot,
Which *Pan* the Shepheards God on her begot:
So sprung her Grace,
Of heauenly race:
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
O seemely sight:
Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a crimson Coronet,
With Daffadills and Damaske Roses set,
Bay leaues betweene,
And Primeroses greene:
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue ye beheld her Angels face,
Like *Phæbe* faire?
Her heauenly hauiour, her Princely Grace,
Can well compare.
The red-Rose medled and the white yfere,
In eyther cheeke depeincten liuely cheere.
Her modeſt eye,
Her Maieſtie,
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw *Phæbus* thrust out his golden head,
On her to gaze:
But when he saw how broade her beames did spread:
It did him maze.

He blusht to see an other Sunne below,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-show:

Let him if he dare
His brightnes compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy selfe *Cintbia* with thy siluer rayes,
And be not abasht,
When she the beames of her beauty displayes,
Oh how art thou dasht?

But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such folly great sorrow to *Niobe* did breede,
Now is she a stone,
And makes deadly moane,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
Such a Bellibone:
And *Sirinx* reioyce, that euer was her lot
To beare such a one.
Soone as my Younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke-white Lamb.
Shee is my Goddesses plaine,
And I her Sheepheards Swaine,
Albe for-swonck and for-swat I am.

I see *Caliope* speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesses shines:
And after her the other Muses trace
With their Violines.
Bin they not Baie-braunches which they doo beare:
All for *Eliza* in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the *Graces* can it foote,
to the Instrument:

They

They dauncen deffely, and singen soote
 In their merriment.
 Wants not a fourth *Grace* to make the daunce euen?
 Let that roome to my Lady be giuen.
 Shee shall be a *Grace*,
 To fill the fourth place,
 And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of Ladies bright,
 Ranged in a roe?
 They been all Ladies of the Lake behight
 That vnto her goe:
Chloris, that is the chiefe Nimph of all,
 Of Oliue-braunches beares a Coronall:
 Oliues beene for peace
 When warres doo surcease,
 Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Bring hether the Pinke and purple Cullumbine.
 With Gillyflowers
 Bring sweet Carnasions, and Sops in wine,
 Worne of Paramours.
 Strew me the ground with Daffa-down-Dillies,
 And Cowslips, and Kings-cups, and loued Lillies,
 The pretty Pounce,
 And the Cheuisaunce,
 Shall match with the faire flower-Delice.

Ye Sheepheards daughters that dwell on the greene,
 Hie you there a pace,
 Let none come there but such as Virgins beene,
 To adorne her Grace.
 And when you come where as she is in place:
 See that your rudenes doo not you disgrace.
 Bind your Fillets fast,
 And gird in your wast:
 For more finenesse with a Tawdrie lace.

Now rise vp *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
 In royall ray:
 And now ye dainty Damsels may depart,
 Each one her way.
 I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long:
 Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her Song.
 And if you come hether,
 When Damzins I gather
 I will part them all, you among.

F I N I S.

Edm. Spencer.¶ *The Sheepheards Daffadill.*

G *Orbo*, as thou cam'st this way
 By yonder little hill,
 Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
 Saw'st thou my *Daffadill*?

Shee's in a frock of Lincolne greene,
 The colour Maydes delight,
 And neuer hath her Beauty seene
 But through a vayle of white.

Then Roses richer to behold,
 That dresse vp Louers Bowers,
 The Pansie and the Marigold
 Are *Phæbus* Paramoures.

Thou well describ'st the *Daffadill*,
 It is not full an hower
 Since by the Spring neere yonder hill
 I saw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou didst not meete,
 Nor newes of her doest bring,

Yet

Yet is my *Daffadill* more sweete
Then that by yonder Spring.

I saw a Sheepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)
A wreath of *Daffadillies*.

Yet *Gorbo*: thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see.
For know; my pretty *Daffadill*
Is worne of none but mee.

To shew it selfe but neere her seate
No Lilly is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the cold.

Through yonder vale as I did passe
Descending from the hill,
I met a smerking Bonny-lasse,
They call her *Daffadill*.

Whose presence as a-long she went
The pretty flowers did greete,
As though their heads they downe-ward bent,
With homage to her feete.

And all the Sheepheards that were nie,
From top of euery hill;
Vnto the Vallies loud did crie,
There goes sweet *Daffadill*.

I gentle Sheepheard now with ioy
Thou all my flock doest fill:
Come goe with me thou Sheepheards boy,
Let vs to *Daffadill*.

F I N I S.

Michaell Drayton.

¶ *A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.*

A Las what pleasure now the pleasant Spring
 Hath giuen place,
 To harsh black frosts the sad ground couering,
 Can wee poore wee embrace,
 When euery bird on euery branch can sing
 Naught but this note of woe alas?
 Alas this note of woe why should we sound?
 With vs as May, September hath a prime,
 Then birds and branches your alas is fond,
 Which call vpon the absent Sommer time:
 For did flowres make our May
 Or the Sun-beames your day,
 When Night and Winter did the world embrace,
 Well might you waile your ill and sing alas.

Loe Matron-like the Earth her selfe attires
 In habite graue,
 Naked the fields are, bloomelesse are the brires,
 Yet we a Sommer haue,
 Who in our clime kindleth these liuing fires,
 Which bloomes can on the briers saue.
 No Ice dooth christallize the running Brooke,
 No blast deflowres the flowre-adorned field,
 Christall is cleere, but cleerer is the looke,
 Which to our climes these liuing fires dooth yield:
 Winter though euery where
 Hath no abiding heere:
 On Brooks and Brires she doth rule alone,
 The Sunne which lights our world is alwayes one.

FINIS.

Edmund Bolton.

¶ Melicertus *Madrigale*.

What are my Sheepe, without their wonted food?
 What is my life, except I gaine my Loue?
 My Sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood,
 My life is lost vnlesse I *Grace* approue.
 No flower that saplesse thriues,
 No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne doth lower for woe,
 Then woe mine eyes, vnlesse they beauty see:
 My Sonne *Samelaes* eyes, by whom I know,
 Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
 Nought more the hart reuiues,
 Then to embrace his Deare.

The starres from earthly humours gaine their light,
 Our humours by their light possesse their power:
Samelaes eyes fed by my weeping sight,
 Infuse my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower.
 So wends the source of loue,
 It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, cleare to your Ioy, behold her eyes,
 Admire her hart, desire to tast her kisses:
 In them the heauen of ioy and solace lyes,
 Without them, euery hope his succour misses.
 Oh how I liue to prooue,
 Whereto this solace tends?

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ *Olde Damons Pastorall.*

From Fortunes frownes and change remou'd,
 wend silly Flocks in blessed feeding:
 None of *Damon* more belou'd,
 feede gentle Lambs while I sit reading.

Carelesse worldlings, outrage quelleth
 all the pride and pompe of Cittie:
 But true peace with Shepheards dwelleth,
 (Shepheards who delight in pittie.)
 Whether grace of heauen betideth,
 on our humble minds such pleasure:
 Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,
 loue and faith is Shepheards treasure.
 On the lower Plaines the thunder
 little thriues, and nought preuaileth:
 Yet in Citties breedeth wonder,
 and the highest hills assaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne Tyrant
 threatneth Kings, not Shepheards humble:
 Age makes silly Swaines delirant,
 thirst of rule garres great men stumble.
 What to other seemeth sorrie,
 abiect state and humble biding:
 Is our ioy and Country glorie,
 highest states haue worse betiding.
 Golden cups doo harbour poyson,
 and the greatest pompe, dissembling:
 Court of seasoned words hath foyson,
 treason haunts in most assembling.

Homely breasts doo harbour quiet,
 little feare, and mickle solace:
 States suspect their bed and diet,
 feare and craft doo haunt the Pallace.

Little would I, little want I,
 where the mind and store agreeth,
 Smallest comfort is not scantie,
 least he longs that little seeth.
 Time hath beene that I haue longed,
 foolish I, to like of follie:
 To conuerse where honour thronged,
 to my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, and seeing sorrow
 that the day consum'd, returns not:
 Who dare trust vpon to morrow,
 when nor time, nor life soiournes not?

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ *Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay.*

IT fell vpon a holy-Eue,
 hey hoe holy-day:
 When holy-Fathers wont to shriue,
 now ginneth this Roundelay.
 Sitting vpon a hill so hie,
 hey hoe the hie hill:
 The while my flocke did feede thereby,
 the while the Sheepheards selfe did spill.

I saw the bouncing Bellybone,
 hey hoe Bonny-bell:
 Tripping ouer the Dale alone,
 shee can trip it very well.
 Well decked in a Frock of gray,
 hey hoe gray is greete:
 And in a Kirtle of greene Say,
 the greene is for Maydens meete.

A Chaplet on her head she wore,
 hey hoe the Chaplet:
Of sweet Violets therein was store,
 she's sweeter then the Violet.
My Sheepe did leaue their wonted food,
 hey hoe silly Sheepe:
And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
 wood as he that did them keepe.

As the Bony-lasse passed by,
 hey hoe Bony-lasse:
Shee rold at me with glauncing eye,
 as cleare as the Christall-glasse.
All as the Sunnie-beame so bright,
 hey hoe the Sun-beame:
Glaunceth from *Phæbus* face forth right,
 so loue into my hart did streame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,
 hey hoe the thunder:
Wherein the lightsome leuin shrouds,
 so cleaues my soule a-sunder.
Or as Dame *Cinthias* siluer ray,
 hey hoe the moone-light:
Vpon the glistering waue doth play,
 such play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my hart did glide,
 hey hoe the glider:
There-with my soule was sharply gride,
 such wounds soone wexen wider.
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
 hey hoe *Perigot*:
I left the head in my hart roote,
 it was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more and more,
 hey hoe the arrow:

Ne can I finde salue for my sore,
 loue is a curelesse sorrow.
 And though my bale with death I bought,
 hey hoe heauie cheere:
 Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought,
 so you may buy gold too deere.

But whether in painfull loue I pine,
 hey hoe pinching paine:
 Or thriue in wealth, she shall be mine,
 but if thou can her obtaine.
 And if for gracelesse greefe I dye
 hey hoe gracelesse greefe:
 Witnesse, she slew me with her eye,
 let thy folly be the preefe.

And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
 hey hoe the faire flocke:
 For priefe thereof my death shall weepe,
 and moane with many a mocke.
 So learn'd I loue on a holy-Eue,
 hey hoe holy-day:
 That euer since my hart did greeue,
 now endeth our Roundelay.

F I N I S.

Edm. Spencer.

¶ *Phillida and Coridon.*

IN the merry moneth of May,
 In a morne by breake of day,
 Foorth I walked by the Wood side,
 When as May was in his pride:
 There I spied all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.
 Much a-doo there was God wot,

He would loue, and she would not.
 She sayd neuer man was true,
 He sayd, none was false to you.
 He sayd, he had lou'd her long,
 She sayd, Loue should haue no wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then,
 She said, Maides must kisse no men,
 Till they did for good and all.
 Then she made the Sheepheard call
 All the heauens to witnesse truth:
 Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly Sheepheards vse,
 When they will not Loue abuse;
 Loue, which had beene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweete concluded.
 And *Phillida* with garlands gay:
 Was made the Lady of the May.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ To Colin Cloute.

BEautie sate bathing by a Spring,
 where fayrest shades did hide her.
 The winds blew calme, the birds did sing,
 the coole streames ranne beside her.
 My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
 to see what was forbidden:
 But better Memory said, fie,
 so, vaine Desire was chidden.
 hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
 when fond imagination:

Seemed

Seemed to see, but could not tell
 her feature or her fashion.
 But euen as Babes in dreames doo smile,
 and sometime fall a weeping:
 So I awakt, as wise this while,
 as when I fell a sleeping.
 hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

FINIS.

Sheepheard Tonie.

¶ Rowlands Song in praise of the fairest Beta.

O Thou siluer Thames, ô clearest christall flood,
 Beta alone the Phœnix is of all thy watry brood.
 The Queene of Virgins onely she,
 And thou the Queene of floods shalt be.
 Let all the Nymphs be ioyfull then, to see this happy day:
 Thy Beta now alone shall be the subiect of my Lay.

With dainty and delightsome straines of sweetest Virelayes,
 Come louely Sheepheards sit we down, & chaunt our Betas praise.
 And let vs sing so rare a verse,
 Our Betas praises to rehearse:
 That little birds shall silent be, to heare poore Sheepheards sing:
 And Riuers backward bend their course, & flow vnto the spring.

Range all thy Swannes faire Thames together on a ranke:
 And place them duly one by one vpon thy stately banke.
 Then set together all a-good,
 Recording to the siluer flood:
 And craue the tunefull Nigbtingale to helpe ye with her Lay;
 The Osell and the Thrustlecocke, chiefe musique of our May.

O see what troupes of Nymphs been sporting on the Strands,
 And they been blessed Nymphs of peace, with Oliues in their hands.
 How merrily the Muses sing,

That

*That all the flowrie meddowes ring,
And Beta sits vpon the banke in purple and in pall,
And she the Queene of Muses is, and weares the Coronall.*

*Trim vp her golden tresses with Apollos sacred tree,
O happy sight vnto all those that loue and honour thee,
The blessed Angels haue prepar'd
A glorious crowne for thy reward,
Not such a golden crowne as haughty Cæsar weares:
But such a glittering starrie crowne as Ariadne beares.*

*Make her a goodly Chaplet of azurd Cullumbine,
And wreath about her Coronet with sweetest Eglantine.
Bedeck our Beta all with Lillies
And the dainty Daffadillies,
With Roses Damaske, white and red, and fairest flowre-Delice:
With Cowslips of Ierusalem, and Cloaues of Paradise.*

*O thou faire Torch of beauen, the dayes most dearest light,
And thou bright-shining Cinthia, the glory of the night.
You Starres the eyes of beauen,
And thou the glyding leuen,
And thou ô gorgeous Iris, with all strange colours dyed:
When she streames forth her rayes, then dasht is all your pride.*

*See how the Day stands still, admiring of her face,
And Time loe stretcheth forth his armes thy Beta to embrace.
The Sirens sing sweete Layes,
The Trytons sound her prayse,
Goe passe on Thames, and bie thee fast vnto the Ocean Sea:
And let thy billowes there proclaime thy Betas holy-day.*

*And water thou the blessed roote of that greene Oliue tree,
With whose sweete shadow all thy bancks with peacepreserued be.
Laurell for Poets and Conquerours:
And Mirtle for Loues Paramours.
That fame may be thy fruite, the boughs preseru'd by peace,
And let the mournfull Cypres die, now stormes and tempests cease.*

Weele

*Weele strew the shoare with pearle, where Beta walks a-lone,
 And we will paue her Princely Bower with richest Indian stone.
 Perfume the ayre, and make it sweete,
 For such a Goddess it is meete.
 For if her eyes for purity contend with Titans light:
 No meruaile then, although they so doo dazell humane sight.*

*Sound out your Trumpets then from Londons stately Towers,
 To beate the stormie winds a-backe, and calme the raging showers.
 Set to the Cornet and the Flute,
 The Orpharion and the Lute:
 And tune the Taber and the Pipe to the sweet Violons:
 And mooue the thunder in the ayre with lowdest Clarions.*

*Beta, long may thine Altars smoake with yeerely sacrifice,
 And long thy sacred temples may their Sabaoths solemnise.
 Thy Sheepheards watch by day and night,
 Thy Maides attend the holy light,
 And thy large Empire stretch her armes from East vnto the West:
 And Albion on the Appenines aduaunce her conquering crest.*

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.

¶ *The Barginet of Antimachus.*

IN pride of youth, in midst of May,
 When birds with many a merry Lay,
 salute the Sunnes vp-rising:

I sate me downe fast by a Spring,
 And while these merry Chaunters sing,
 I fell vpon surmizing.

Amidst my doubt and minds debate,
 Of change of time, of worlds estate,

I spyed a boy attired
 In siluer plumes, yet naked quite,
 Saue pretty feathers fit for flight,

E.

Where-

wherewith he still aspired.
 A bowe he bare to worke mens wrack,
 A little Quiuer at his back,
 with many arrowes filled:
 And in his soft and pretty hand,
 He held a liuely burning brand,
 where-with he Louers killed.
 Fast by his side, in rich aray,
 There sate a louely Lady gay,
 his mother as I guessed:
 That set the Lad vpon her knee,
 And trimd his bowe, and taught him flee,
 and mickle Loue professed.
 Oft from her lap at sundry stoures,
 He leapt, and gathered Sommer flowres,
 both Violets and Roses:
 But see the chaunce that followed fast,
 As he the pompe of prime dooth wast,
 before that he supposes:
 A Bee that harbour'd hard thereby,
 Did sting his hand, and made him crye
 Oh Mother, I am wounded:
 Faire *Venus* that beheld her Sonne,
 Cryed out alas, I am vndone,
 and there-vpon she swounded.
 My little Lad the Goddesse sayd,
 Who hath my *Cupid* so dismayd?
 he aunswered: Gentle Mother
 The hony-worker in the Hiue,
 My greefe and mischief dooth contriue,
 alas it is none other.
 Shee kiſt the Lad: Now marke the chaunce,
 And straite she fell into a traunce,
 and crying, thus concluded:
 Ah wanton boy, like to the Bee,
 Thou with a kisse haſt wounded me,
 and haplesse Loue included.
 A little Bee dooth thee affright,

But

But ah, my wounds are full of spright,
and cannot be recured:
The boy that kist his Mothers paine,
Gan smile, and kist her whole againe,
and made her hope assured.
She suckt the wound, and swag'd the sting,
And little Love ycurde did sing,
then let no Louer sorrow:
To day though greefe attaint his hart,
Let him with courage bide the smart,
amends will come to morrow.

FINIS

Thom. Lodge.

¶ Menaphons *Roundelay.*

When tender Ewes brought home with euenings Sun,
Wend to their Folds,
And to their holds
The Sheepheards trudge when light of day is done:

Vpon a tree,
The Eagle *Ioues* faire bird did pearch,
There resteth hee.
A little Flie his harbour then did search,
And did presume, (though others laugh'd thereat)
To pearch whereas the Princely Eagle sat.

The Eagle frownd, and shooke his royall wings,
And charg'd the Flie
From thence to hie.
Afraide, in hast the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe,
Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles side.
With moodie vaine
The speedie poast of *Ganimede* replide:
Vassaile auaunt, or with my wings you die.
Is't fit an Eagle seate him with a Flie?

The Flie crau'd pittie, still the Eagle frownd.
 The silly Flie
 Ready to die:
 Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groueling to the ground.
 The Eagle sawe:
 And with a royall mind said to the Flie,
 Be not in awe,
 I scorne by me the meanest creature die.
 Then seate thee heere: The ioyfull Flie vp-flings,
 And sate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

F I N I S.

R^o. Greene.¶ *A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.*

ON a hill there growes a flower,
 faire befall the dainty sweete:
 By that flower there is a Bower,
 where the heauenly Muses meete.

In that Bower there is a chaire,
 frindged all about with gold:
 Where dooth sit the fairest faire,
 that euer eye did yet behold.

It is *Phillis* faire and bright,
 shee that is the Sheepheards ioy:
 Shée that *Venus* did despight,
 and did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
 that the world desires to see:
 This is *ipsa quæ* the which,
 there is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire?
 who would not this Saint adore?

Who

Who would not this sight desire,
though he thought to see no more?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me see,
one good looke, and I am gone:
Looke on me, for I am hee,
thy poore silly *Coridon*.

Thou that art the Shepheards Queene,
looke vpon thy silly Swaine:
By thy comfort haue beene seene
dead men brought to life againe.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *Coridon and Melampus Song.*

Cor. **M***elampus*, when will Loue be void of feares?
Mel. When Iealousie hath neither eyes nor eares.
Cor. *Melampus*, when will Loue be throughly shriued?
Mel. When it is hard to speake, and not beleueed.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is Loue most malecontent?
Mel. When Louers range, and beare their bowes vn bent.
Cor. *Melampus*, tell me, when takes Loue least harme?
Mel. When Swaines sweet pipes are puffed, and Trulls are warme.
Cor. *Melampus*, tell me, when is Loue best fed?
Mel. When it hath suck'd the sweet that ease hath bred.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is time in Loue ill spent?
Mel. When it earne meede, and yet receaues no rent.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is time well spent in Loue?
Mel. When deedes win meedes, and words Loues works doo proue.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

¶ *Tityrus to his faire Phillis.*

THE silly Swaine whose loue breedes discontent,
 Thinks death a trifle, life a loathsome thing,
 Sad he lookes, sad he lyes:
 But when his Fortunes mallice dooth relent,
 Then of Loues sweetnes he will sweetly sing,
 thus he liues, thus he dyes.
 Then *Tityrus* whom Loue hath happy made,
 Will rest thrice happy in this Mirtle shade.
 For though Loue at first did greeue him:
 yet did Loue at last releue him.

FINIS.

I. D.

¶ *Sheepheard.*

Sweete thrall, first step to Loues felicitie,
 Sheephardesse.
 Sweete thrall, no stop to perfect libertie.
 Hee. O Life. *Shee.* What life?
 Hee. Sweete life. *Shee.* No life more sweete:
 Hee. O Loue. *Shee.* What loue?
 Hee. Sweete Loue. *Shee.* No loue more meete.

FINIS.

I. M.

Another of the same Authour.

FIELDS were ouer-spread with flowers,
 Fairest choise of *Floraes* treasure:
 Sheepheards there had shadie Bowers,
 Where they oft reposd with pleasure.

Meadowes

Meadowes flourish'd fresh and gay,
where the wanton Heards did play.

Springs more cleare then Christall Streames,
Seated were the Groues among:
Thus nor *Titans* scorching beames,
Nor earths drouth could Sheepheards wrong.
 Faire *Pomonaes* fruitfull pride:
 did the budding braunches hide.

Flocks of sheepe fed on the Plaines,
Harmelesse sheepe that roamd at large:
Heere and there sate pensive Swaines,
Wayting on their wandring charge.
 Pensive while their Lasses smil'd:
 Lasses which had them beguil'd.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
Vallies stor'd with *Vestaes* wealth:
Both did harbour sweet delight,
Nought was there to hinder health.
 Thus did heauen grace the soyle:
 Not deform'd with work-mens toile.

Purest plot of earthly mold,
Might that Land be iustly named:
Art by Nature was controld,
Art which no such pleasures framed.
 Fayrer place was neuer seene:
 Fittest place for Beauties Queene.

F I N I S.

I. M.

Sweete Loue be gone a while,
 thou knowest my heauines:
Beauty is borne but to beguile,
 my hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
 that lou'd to feede on hie:
Doo headlong tumble downe the Rocke,
 and in the Vallie die.

The bushes and the trees
 that were so fresh and greene:
Doo all their dainty colour leese,
 and not a leafe is seene.

The Black-bird and the Thrush,
 that made the woods to ring:
With all the rest, are now at hush,
 and not a noate they sing.

Sweete *Philomele* the bird,
 that hath the heauenly throate,
Dooth now alas not once affoord
 recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost,
 each hearbe hath lost her sauour:
And *Pbillida* the faire hath lost,
 the comfort of her fauour.

Now all these carefull sights,
 so kill me in conceite:
That how to hope vpon delights
 it is but meere deceite.

And therefore my sweete Muse
 that knowest what helpe is best,
Doo now thy heauenly cunning vse,
 to set my hart at rest.

F.

And

And in a dreame bewray
 what fate shall be my friend:
 Whether my life shall still decay,
 or when my sorrow end.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *Harpalus* *complaynt* on *Phillidaes loue bestowed* on *Corin*, *who*
loued her not, and denyed him that lo-
ued her.

P*hillida* was a faire mayde,
 as fresh as any flower:
 Whom *Harpalus* the Heards-man prayde
 to be his Paramour.
Harpalus and eke *Corin*,
 were Heard-men both yfere:
 And *Phillida* could twist and spinne,
 and thereto sing full cleere.
 But *Phillida* was all too coy,
 for *Harpalus* to winne:
 For *Corin* was her onely ioy,
 who forc'd her not a pinne.
 How often would she flowers twine,
 how often garlands make:
 Of Cowslips and of Cullumbine,
 and all for *Corins* sake?
 But *Corin* he had Hawkes to lure,
 and forced more the field:
 Of Louers law he tooke no cure,
 for once he was beguild.
Harpalus preuailed naught,
 his labour all was lost:
 For he was furthest from her thought,
 and yet he lou'd her most.

Therefore

Therefore woxe he both pale and leane,
 and drye as clod of clay:
 His flesh it was consumed cleane,
 his colour gone away.
 His beard it had not long beene shaue,
 his haire hung all vnkempt:
 A man most fit euen for the graue,
 whom spitefull Loue had spent.
 His eyes were red and all fore-watcht,
 his face besprent with teares:
 It seem'd vnhap had him long hatcht,
 in midst of his dispaies.
 His cloathes were blacke and also bare,
 as one forlorne was hee:
 Vpon his head he alwayes ware
 a wreath of Willow-tree.
 His beasts he kept vpon the hill,
 and he sate in the Dale:
 And thus with sighs and sorrowes shrill,
 he gan to tell his tale.
 Oh *Harpalus*, thus would he say,
 unhappiest vnder Sunne:
 The cause of thine unhappy day,
 by loue was first begun.
 For thou went'st first by sute to seeke,
 a Tyger to make tame:
 That sets not by thy loue a Leeke,
 but makes thy greefe a game.
 As easie were it to conuert
 the frost into a flame:
 As for to turne a froward hart
 whom thou so faine wouldst frame.
Corin, he liueth carelesse,
 he leapes among the leaues:
 He eates the fruites of thy redresse,
 thou reap'st, he takes the sheaues.
 My beasts a-while your food refraine,
 and harke your Heard-mans sound:

Whom spightfull Loue alas hath slaine,
through-girt with many a wound.

Oh happy be ye beasts wild,
that heere your pasture takes:

I see that ye be not beguile,
of these your faithfull makes.

The Hart he feedeth by the Hind,
the Bucke hard by the Doe:

The Turtle-Doue is not vnkind
to him that loues her so.

The Ewe she hath by her the Ram,
the young Cowe hath the Bull:

The Calfe with many a lusty Lamb,
doo feede their hunger full.

But well-away that Nature wrought,
thee *Phyllida* so faire:

For I may say that I haue bought
thy beauty all too deare.

What reason is't that cruelty
with beauty should haue part?

Or else that such great tirannie,
should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death,
she cruelly is prest:

To th'end that I may want my breath,
my dayes beene at the best.

Oh *Cupid* graunt this my request,
and doo not stop thine eares:

That she may feele within her brest,
the paine of my despair.

Of *Corin* that is carelesse,
that she may craue her fee:

As I haue done in great distresse,
that lou'd her faithfully.

But since that I shall die her slaue,
her slaue and eke her thrall:

Write you my friends vpon my graue,
this chaunce that is befall.

Heere lyeth vnhappy *Harpalus*,
by cruell Loue now slaine:
Whom *Phillida* vniustly thus,
hath mured with disdaine.

FINIS.

L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.

¶ *An other of the same subiect, but made as it were
in aunswere.*

ON a goodly Sommers day,
Harpalus and *Phillida*,
He a true harted Swaine,
Shee full of coy disdaine,
droue their flocks to field:

He to see his Sheephardesse,
She did dreame on nothing lesse,
Than his continuall care,
Which to grim-fac'd Dispaire,
wholly did him yield.

Corin she affected still,
All the more thy hart to kill.
Thy case dooth make me rue,
That thou should'st loue so true,
and be thus disdain'd:

While their flocks a feeding were,
They did meete together there.
Then with a curtsie lowe,
And sighs that told his woe,
thus to her he plain'd.

Bide a while faire *Phillida*,
List what *Harpalus* will say
Onely in loue to thee,
Though thou respect not mee,
yet vouchsafe an eare:

To preuent ensuing ill,
 Which no doubt betide thee will,
 If thou doo not fore-see,
 To shunne it presentlie,
 then thy harme I feare.
 Firme thy loue is, well I wot,
 To the man that loues thee not.
 Louely and gentle mayde,
 Thy hope is quite betrayde,
 which my hart doth greeue:
Corin is vnkind to thee,
 Though thou thinke contrarie.
 His loue is growne as light,
 As is his Faulcons flight,
 this sweet Nymph beleeeue.

Mopsus daughter, that young mayde,
 Her bright eyes his hart hath strayde
 From his affecting thee,
 Now there is none but shee
 That is *Corins* blisse:
Phillis men the Virgin call,
 She is Buxome, faire and tall,
 Yet not like *Phillida*:
 If I my mind might say,
 eyes oft deeme amisse.
 He commends her beauty rare,
 Which with thine may not compare.
 He dooth extoll her eye,
 Silly thing, if thine were by,
 thus conceite can erre:
He is rauish'd with her breath,
 Thine can quicken life in death.
He prayseth all her parts,
 Thine, winnes a world of harts,
 more, if more there were.

Looke sweet Nymph vpon thy flock,

They

They stand still, and now feede not,
 As if they shar'd with thee:
 Greefe for this iniurie,
 offred to true loue.

Pretty Lambkins, how they moane,
 And in bleating seeme to groane,
 That any Sheeheard's Swaine,
 Should cause their Mistres paine:
 by affects remoue.

If you looke but on the grasse,
 It's not halfe so greene as'twas:
 When I began my tale,
 But is as witherd pale,
 all in meere remorse.

Marke the Trees that brag'd euen now,
 Of each goodly greene-leau'd-bow,
 They seeme as blasted all,
 Ready for Winters fall,
 such is true loues force.

The gentle murmur of the Springs,
 Are become contrary things,
 They haue forgot their pride,
 And quite forsake their glide,
 as if charm'd they stand.

And the flowers growing by,
 Late so fresh in euery eye,
 See how they hang the head,
 As on a suddaine dead,
 dropping on the sand.

The birds that chaunted it yer-while,
 Ere they hear'd of *Corins* guile,
 Sit as they were afraide,
 Or by some hap dismaide,
 for this wrong to thee:

Harke sweet *Phil*, how *Philomell*,
 That was wont to sing so well,
 Iargles now in yonder bush,

Worser then the rudeſt Thrush,
as it were not ſhee.

Phyllida, who all this while
Neither gaue a ſigh or ſmile:
Round about the field did gaze,
As her wits were in a maze,
poore deſpised mayd.
And reuiued at the laſt,
After ſtreames of teares were paſt,
Leaning on her Sheepheards hooke,
With a ſad and heauie looke,
thus poore ſoule ſhe ſayd.
Harpalus, I thanke not thee,
For this ſorry tale to mee.
Meete me heere againe to morrow,
Then I will conclude my ſorrow
mildly, if may be:
With their flocks they home doo fare,
Eythers hart too full of care,
If they doo meete again,
Then what they further ſayne,
you ſhall heare from me.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

¶ *The Nymphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her
with this Dittie.*

With fragrant flowers we ſtrew the way,
And make this our cheefe holy-day.
For though this clime were bleſt of yore:
Yet was it neuer proud before.
O beauteous Queene of ſecond Troy:
Accept of our vnſayned ioy.

Now

Now th'Ayre is sweeter than sweet Balme,
 And Satires daunce about the Palme,
 Now earth with verdure newly dight,
 Giues perfect signes of her delight.

O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
 And trees doo whistle melodie,
 Now euery thing that Nature breedes,
 Dooth clad it selfe in pleasant weedes.

O beauteous Queene, &c.

FINIS.

Tbo. Watson.

¶ Colin Cloutes *mournfull Dittie for the death
 of Astrophell.*

SHeepheards that wunt on pipes of Oaten reede,
 Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed smart;
 And with your pitteous Layes haue learn'd to breede
 Compassion in a Country-Lasses hart:
 Harken ye gentle Sheepheards to my song,
 And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
 The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell:
 To you whose softned harts it may emperse
 With dolours dart for death of *Astrophell*.
 To you I sing, and to none other wight:
 For well I wot, my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
 Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade:
 Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,

G.

Made

Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
 And if in him found pittie euer place:
 Let him be moou'd to pittie such a case.

F I N I S .

Edm. Spencer.

¶ *Damætas ligge in praise of his Loue.*

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard on a hill
 on a hill so merrily,
 on a hill so cherily,
 Feare not Sheepheard there to pipe thy fill,
 Fill euery Dale, fill euery Plaine:
 both sing and say; Loue feeles no paine.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard on a greene
 on a greene so merrily,
 on a greene so cherily,
 Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth seene,
 Heard to each Swaine, seene to each Trull:
 both sing and say; Loues ioy is full.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the Sunne,
 in the Sunne so merrily,
 in the Sunne so cherily,
 Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rimes runne
 Downe to the Dales, to the hills aboue:
 both sing and say; No life to loue.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the shade,
 in the shade so merrily,
 in the shade so cherily,
 Ioy in thy life, life of Sheepheards trade,
 Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee:
 both sing and say; Sweet Loue for me.

Iolly

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard heere or there,
 heere or there so merrily,
 heere or there so cherily,
 Or in thy chat, eyther at thy cheere,
 In euery ligge, in euery Lay:
 both sing and say; Loue lasts for aye.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard *Daphnis* Loue,
 Daphnis loue so merrily,
 Daphnis loue so cherily,
 Let thy fancie neuer more remoue,
 Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
 still sing and say; Loues yoake is sweete.

F I N I S .

Iohn Wootton.¶ Montanus *praise of his faire Phæbe.*

P^{*Hæbe* sate}
 Sweete she sate,
 sweete sate *Phæbe* when I saw her,
 White her brow
 Coy her eye,
 brow and eye, how much you please me?
 Words I spent,
 Sighs I sent,
 sighs and words could neuer draw her,
 Oh my Loue,
 Thou art lost,
 since no sight could euer ease thee.
Phæbe sate
 By a Fount,
 sitting by a Fount I spide her,
 Sweete her touch,
 Rare her voyce,
 touch and voyce, what may distaine you?

G. 2.

As

As she sung,
I did sigh,

And by sighs whilst that I tride her,

Oh mine eyes
You did loose,

her first sight whose want did paine you.

Phæbes flocks
White as wooll,

yet were *Phæbes* lookes more whiter,

Phæbes eyes
Doue-like mild,

Doue-like eyes both mild and cruell,

Montane swears
In your Lamps,

he will die for to delight her,

Phæbe yeeld
Or I die,

shall true harts be fancies fuell?

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ *The complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Sheepheard.*

THestilis a silly Swaine, when Loue did him forsake,
In mournfull wise amid the woods, thus gan his plaint to make.
*Ah wofull man (quoth he) false is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with carefull thoughts, vnto thy Loue vnknowne.*
Thy Nymph forsakes thee quite, whom thou didst honour so:
That aye to her thou wert a friend, but to thyselfe a foe.
Ye Louers that haue lost your harts-desired choyce:
Lament with me my cruell hap, and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stode so great in Fortunes grace,
Nor with his sweate (alas too deere) possesst so high a place:
As I whose simple hart, aye thought himselfe still sure,
But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure.

Sbee

*Shee knowes my guiltlesse hart, and yet she lets it pine:
 Of her vntrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine.
 What wonder is it then, if I berent my haire:
 And crauing death continually, doo bathe my selfe in teares?
 When Cræsus King of Lide, was cast in cruell bands,
 And yeelded goods and life into his enemies hands:
 What tongue could tell his woe? yet was his grieve much lesse
 Then mine, for I have lost my Loue, which might my woe redresse.
 Ye woods that shroud my limbs, giue now your hollow sound:
 That ye may helpe me to bewaile, the cares that me confound.
 Ye Riuers rest a while, and stay your streames that runne:
 Rue Thestylis, the wofulst man that rests vnder the Sunne.
 Transport my sighs ye winds, vnto my pleasant foe:
 My trickling teares shall witnes beare, of this my cruell woe.
 Oh happy man were I, if all the Gods agreed:
 That now the Sisters three should cut in twaine my fatall threed.
 Till life with loue shall end, I heere resigne all ioy,
 Thy pleasant sweete I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine annoy.
 Farewell my deere therefore, farewell to me well knowne,
 If that I die, it shall be sayd: that thou hast slaine thine owne.*

FINIS.

L. T. Howard, E. of Surrie.

¶ To Phillis the faire Sheeheardesse.

M^Y *Phillis* hath the morning Sunne,
 at first to looke vpon her:
 And *Phillis* hath morne-waking birds,
 her risings still to honour.
 My *Phillis* hath prime-featherd flowres,
 that smile when she treads on them:
 And *Phillis* hath a gallant flocke,
 that leapes since she dooth owne them.
 But *Phillis* hath too hard a hart,
 alas that she should haue it:

It yeelds no mercie to desert,
 nor grace to those that craue it.
 Sweete Sunne, when thou look'st on,
 pray her regard my moane.
 Sweete birds, when you sing to her,
 to yeeld some pittie, woo her.
 Sweete flowers that she treads on,
 tell her, her beauty deads one.
 And if in life her loue she nill agree me:
 Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

F I N I S .

S. E. D.

¶ *The Sheepheard Dorons Iigge.*

THrough the shrubs as I can crack,
 for my Lambs pretty ones,
 mongst many little ones,
 Nimphs I meane, whose haire was black
 As the Crow.
 Like as the Snow
 Her face and browes shin'd I weene,
 I saw a little one,
 a bonny pretty one,
 As bright, buxome, and as sheene:
 As was shee
 On her knee
 That lull'd the God, whose arrowes warms
 such merry little ones,
 such faire-fac'd pretty ones,
 As dally in Loues chiefeſt harmes.
 Such was mine,
 Whose gray eyne
 Made me loue: I gan to wooe
 this sweete little one,
 this bonny pretty one.

I wooed

I wooed hard a day or two,

Till she bad,
Be not sad,

Wooe no more, I am thine owne,
thy dearest little one,
thy truest pretty one.

Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
As behooues
Sheepheards Loues.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ *Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.*

FAire in a morne, (ô fairest morne)
 , was neuer morne so faire:
 There shone a Sunne, though not the Sunne,
 that shineth in the ayre.

For the earth, and from the earth,
(was neuer such a creature:)

Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
that carried such a feature.

Vpon a hill, (O blessed hill,
was neuer hill so blessed)

There stoode a man, (was neuer man
for woman so distressed.)

This man beheld a heavenly view,
which did such vertue giue:
As cleares the blind, and helps the lame,
and makes the dead man liue.

This man had hap, (ô happy man
more happy none then hee;)

For he had hap to see the hap,
that none had hap to see.

This silly Swaine, (and silly Swaines
are men of meanest grace:)

Had

Had yet the grace, (δ gracious guest)
 to hap on such a face.
 He pittie cryed, and pittie came,
 and pittied so his paine:
 As dying, would not let him die,
 but gaue him life againe.
 For ioy whereof he made such mirth,
 as all the woods did ring:
 And *Pan* with all his Swaines came forth,
 to heare the Sheepheard sing.
 But such a Song sung neuer was,
 nor shall be sung againe:
 Of *Pbillida* the Sheepheards Queene,
 and *Coridon* the Swaine.
 Faire *Pbillis* is the Sheepheards Queene,
 (was neuer such a Queene as she,)
 And *Coridon* her onely Swaine,
 (was neuer such a Swaine as he.)
 Faire *Pbillis* hath the fairest face,
 that euer eye did yet behold:
 And *Coridon* the constants faith,
 that euer yet kept flocke in fold.
 Sweete *Pbillis* is the sweetest sweete,
 that euer yet the earth did yeeld:
 And *Coridon* the kindest Swaine,
 that euer yet kept Lambs in field.
 Sweete *Philomell* is *Pbillis* bird,
 though *Coridon* be he that caught her:
 And *Coridon* dooth heare her sing,
 though *Pbillida* be she that taught her.
 Poore *Coridon* dooth keepe the fields,
 though *Pbillida* be she that owes them:
 And *Pbillida* dooth walke the Meades,
 though *Coridon* be he that mowes them.
 The little Lambs are *Pbillis* loue,
 though *Coridon* is he that feedes them:
 The Gardens faire are *Pbillis* ground,
 though *Coridon* be he that weedes them.

And

Since then that *Phillis* onely is,
 the onely Shepheards onely Queene:
 And *Coridon* the onely Swaine,
 that onely hath her Shepheard beene.
 Though *Phillis* keepe her bower of state,
 shall *Coridon* consume away:
 No Shepheard no, worke out the weeke,
 And Sunday shall be holy-day.

F I N I S.

N. Breton.

¶ *The passionate Shepheards Song.*

ON a day, (alack the day,)
 Loue whose moneth was euer May:
 Spied a blossome passing faire,
 Playing in the wanton ayre.
 Through the veluet leaues the wind,
 All vnseene gan passage find:
 That the Shepheard (sicke to death,)
 Wish'd himselfe the heauens breath.
 Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
 Ayre, would I might triumph so.
 But alas, my hand hath sworne,
 Nere to pluck thee from thy thorne.
 Vow (alack) for youth vnmeete,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
 Thou for whom *Ioue* would sweare,
Iuno but an *Æthiope* were,
 And deny him selfe for *Ioue*,
 Turning mortall for thy Loue.

F I N I S.

W. Shakespeare.

¶ *The unknowne Sheepheards complaint.*

MY Flocks feede not, my Ewes breede not,
 My Rammes speede not, all is amisse:
 Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
 Harts renying, causer of this.

All my merry Iiggs are quite forgot,
 All my Ladies loue is lost God wot.
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
 There a nay is plac'd without remoue.
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
 O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle Dame:
 For now I see, inconstancie
 More in women then in men remaine.

In black mourne I, all feares scorne I,
 Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
 My Sheepheards pipe can sound no deale,
 My Weathers bell rings dolefull knell.
 My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
 Playes not at all, but seemes afraide.
 With sighs so deepe, procures to weepe,
 In howling-wise, to see my dolefull plight:
 How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare Wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
 Greene plants bring not foorth their die:
 Heards stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,
 Nimphs back peeping fearefully.
 All our pleasure knowne to vs poore Swaines,
 All our merry meeting on the Plaines.
 All our euening sports from vs are fled,
 All our loue is lost, for Loue is dead.

Farewell

Farewell sweete Loue, thy like nere was,
 For sweete content, the cause of all my moane:
 Poore *Coridon* must liue alone,
 Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

FINIS.

Ignoto.¶ *Another of the same Sheepheards.*

AS it fell vpon a day,
 In the merry moneth of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a groue of Mirtles made.
 Beasts did leape, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring.
 Euery thing did banish moane,
 Saue the Nightingale alone.
 Shee poore bird, as all forlorne,
 Lean'd her breast against a thorne,
 And there sung the dolefull'st Ditty,
 That to heare it was great pittie.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she crie
Teru, Teru, by and by.
 That to heare her so complaine,
 Scarse I could from teares refraine.
 For her greefes so liuely showne,
 Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
 Ah (thought I) thou mourn'st in vaine,
 None takes pittie on thy paine.
 Sencelesse trees, they cannot heare thee,
 Ruthlesse beasts, they will not cheere thee.
 King *Pandion* he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
 All thy fellow birds doo sing,
 Carelesse of thy sorrowing.

Euen so poore bird like thee,
None a-liue will pittie mee.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ *The Sheepheards allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie, to the
offence of Actæon.*

A *ctæon* lost in middle of his sport
Both shape and life, for looking but awry:
Diana was afraide he would report
What secrets he had seene in passing by.
To tell but truth, the selfe same hurt haue I:
By viewing her for whom I daily die.
I leese my wonted shape, in that my mind
Dooth suffer wrack vpon the stonie rock
Of her disdaine, who contrarie to kind
Dooth beare a breast more hard then any stock;
And former forme of limbs is changed quite:
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.
I leese my life, in that each secret thought,
Which I conceaue through wanton fond regard:
Dooth make me say, that life auayleth nought,
Where seruice cannot haue a due reward.
I dare not name the Nymph that works my smart,
Though Loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ *Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phæbe.*

A Turtle sate vpon a leauesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With sad and sorrie cheare.
About her wondring stood,
The Cittizens of wood.

And

And whilst her plumes she rents,
 And for her Loue laments:
 The stately trees complaine them,
 The birds with sorrow paine them.
 Each one that dooth her view,
 Her paines and sorrowes rue.
 But were the sorrowes knowne,
 That me hath ouer-throwne:

Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she did looke on mee?

The loue-sicke *Polipheme* that could not see,
 Who on the barren shoare,
 His fortunes did deplore:
 And melteth all in mone,
 For *Galatea* gone,
 And with his cries
 Afflicts both earth and skies,
 And to his woe betooke,
 Dooth breake both pipe and hooke.
 For whom complains the morne,
 For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne.
 Alas his paine is nought,
 For were my woe but thought:

Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,
 yet glad am I:
 If gentle *Phæbe* daine,
 to see her *Montan* die.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ Phæbes Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe,
 Thus *Phillis* sung,
 By fancie once distressed:
 Who so by foolish Loue are stung
 are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

When Loue was first begot,
 And by the mothers will:
 Did fall to humane lot,
 His solace to fulfill.
 Deuoide of all deceite,
 A chaste and holy fire:
 Did quicken mans conceite,
 And womens breasts inspire.
 The Gods that saw the good,
 That mortalls did approoue:
 With kind and holy moode,
 Began to talke of Loue.

Downe a downe,
 Thus *Phillis* sung
 By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
 A wonder strange to heare:
 Whilst Loue in deede and word,
 Most faithfull did appeare;
 False semblance came in place,
 By Iealousie attended:
 And with a double face,
 Both loue and fancie blended.
 Which made the Gods forsake,
 And men from fancie flie;
 And Maydens scorne a make,
 Forsooth and so will I.

Downe

Downe a downe,
 Thus *Phillis* sung,
 By fancie once distressed:
 Who so by foolish Loue are stung,
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

F I N I S .

Thom. Lodge.¶ Coridons *supplication* to *Phillis*.

S Weete *Phillis*, if a silly Swaine,
 may sue to thee for grace:
 See not thy louing Sheeheard slaine,
 with looking on thy face.
 But thinke what power thou hast got,
 vpon my Flock and mee:
 Thou see'st they now regard me not,
 but all doo follow thee.
 And if I haue so farre presum'd,
 with prying in thine eyes:
 Yet let not comfort be consum'd,
 that in thy pittie lyes.
 But as thou art that *Phillis* faire,
 that Fortune fauour giues:
 So let not Loue dye in despaire,
 that in thy fauour liues.
 The Deere doo brouse vpon the bryer,
 the birds doo pick the cherries:
 And will not Beauty graunt Desire,
 one handfull of her berries?
 If it be so that thou has sworne,
 that none shall looke on thee:
 Yet let me know thou doost not scorne,
 to cast a looke on mee.

But

But if thy beauty make thee proude,
 thinke then what is ordain'd:
 The heauens haue neuer yet alow'd,
 that Loue should be disdain'd.
 Then least the Fates that fauour Loue,
 should curse thee for vnkind:
 Let me report for thy behoooue,
 the honour of thy mind.
 Let *Coridon* with full consent,
 set downe what he hath seene:
 That *Phyllida* with Loues content,
 is sworne the Shepheards Queene.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *Damætas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis.*

TVne on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
 Loue faire and bright:
 Fill earth with sound, and ayrie heauens aboue,
 heauen's *Ioues* delight,
 with *Daphnis* praise.

To pleasant *Tempe* Groues and Plaines about,
 Plaines, Shepheards pride:
 Resounding Ecchoes of her praise ring out,
 ring farre and wide
 my *Daphnis* praise.

When I begin to sing, begin to sound,
 sounds loud and shrill:
 Doo make each note vnto the skies rebound,
 skies calme and still,
 with *Daphnis* praise.

Her tresses are like wiers of beaten gold,
 Gold bright and sheene:

Like

Like *Nysus* golden haire that *Scilla* pold,
 Scill, ore-seene
 through *Minos* loue.

Her eyes like shining Lamps in midst of night,
 Night darke and dead:
Or as the Starres that giue the Sea-men light,
 Light for to leade
 their wandring Ships.

Amidst her cheekes the Rose and Lilly striue,
 Lilly, snow-white:
When their contend dooth make their colour thriue.
 Colour too bright
 for Sheepheards eyes.

Her lips like Scarlet of the finest die,
 Scarlet blood-red:
Teeth white as Snow, which on the hills dooth lie,
 Hills ouer-spread
 by Winters force.

Her skinne as soft as is the finest silke,
 Silke soft and fine:
Of colour like vnto the whitest milke,
 Milke of the Kine
 of *Daphnis* Heard.

As swift of foote as is the pretty Roe,
 Roe swift of pace:
When yelping Hounds pursue her to and fro,
 Hounds fierce inchase,
 to reauue her life.

Cease tongue to tell of any more compares,
 Compares too rude:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Daphnis deserts and beauty are too rare,
Then heere conclude
faire *Daphnis* praise.

FINIS.

I. Wootton.

¶ Dorons *description of his faire Sheephardesse* Samela.

L like to *Diana* in her Sommer weede,
Girt with a Crimson roabe of brightest die:
goes faire *Samela*.
Whiter then be the flocks that stragling feed,
When wash'd by *Areibusa*, faint they lie,
is faire *Samela*.
As faire *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy glister of her loue:
is faire *Samela*.
Like louely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnes *Neptunes* fancies moue,
shines faire *Samela*.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the brests are Iuorie:
of faire *Samela*,
Her cheekes like Rose and Lilly yeeld foorth gleames,
Her browes bright arches fram'd of Ebonie,
thus faire *Samela*
Passeth faire *Venus* in her brightest hew,
And *Iuno* in the shew of Maiestie:
for she's *Samela*.
Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeeld to *Samela*.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ Wodenfrides *Song in praise of Amargana.*

THe Sunne the season in each thing
Reuiues new pleasures, the sweet Spring
Hath put to flight the Winter keene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The pathes where *Amargana* treads,
With flowrie tap'stries *Flora* spreads.
And Nature cloathes the ground in greene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Groaues put on their rich aray,
With Hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay,
And sweet perfum'd with Eglantine:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The silent Riuer stayes his course,
Whilst playing on the christall sourse,
The siluer scaled fish are seene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Woods at her faire sight reioyces,
The little birds with their lowd voyces,
In consort on the bryers beene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The fleecie Flocks doo scud and skip,
The wood-Nimphs, Fawnes, and Satires trip,
And daunce the Mirtle trees betweene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

Great *Pan* (our God) for her deere sake,
This feast and meeting bids vs make,
Of Sheepheards, Lads, and Lasses sheene:
To glad our louely Sheepheards Queene.

I.2.

And

Alas her Lilly-hand,
How it dooth me commaund?
Softer silke none can be:
And whiter milke none can see.

Circes wand is not so straite,
as is
Her body small:
But two pillers beare the waight
of this
maiestick Hall.
Those be I you assure,
Of Alablaſter pure,
Polish'd fine in each part:
Ne're Nature yet shewed like Art.

How shall I her pretty tread
expresse
when she dooth walke?
Scarſe ſhe dooth the Primerose head
depreſſe,
or tender ſtalke
Of blew-veind Violets,
Whereon her foote ſhe ſets.
Vertuous ſhe is, for we finde
In body faire, beauteous minde.

Liue faire *Amargana* ſtill
extold
In all my rime:
Hand want Art, when I want will
t'vnfold
her woorth diuine.
But now my Muſe dooth reſt,
Diſpaire cloſ'd in my breſt,
Of the valour I ſing:
Weake faith that no hope dooth bring.

F I N I S.

W. H.

¶ *An excellent Pastorall Dittie.*

A Carefull Nimph, with carelesse greefe opprest,
 vnder the shaddow of an Ashen tree:
 With Lute in hand did paint out her vnrest,
 vnto a Nimph that bare her companie.
 No sooner had she tuned euery string:
 But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies and Nimphs, come listen to my plaint,
 on whom the cheerefull Sunne did neuer rise:
 If pitties stroakes your tender breasts may taint,
 come learne of me to wet your wanton eyes.
 For Loue in vaine the name of pleasure beares:
 His sweet delights are turned into feares.

The trustlesse shewes, the frights, the feeble ioyes,
 the freezing doubts, the guilefull promises:
 The feigned lookes, the shifts, the subtile toyes,
 the brittle hope, the steadfast heauines.
 The wished warre in such vncertaine peace:
 These with my woe, my woes with these increase.

Thou dreadfull God, that in thy Mothers lap,
 doo'st lye and heare the crie of my complaint,
 And seest, and smilest at my sore mishap,
 that lacke but skill my sorrowes heere to paint:
 Thy fire from heauen before the hurt I spide,
 Quite through mine eyes into my brest did glide.

My life was light, my blood did spirt and spring,
 my body quicke, my hart began to leape:
 And euery thornie thought did prick and sting,
 the fruite of my desired ioyes to reape.
 But he on whom to thinke, my soule still tyers:
 In bale forsooke, and left me in the bryers.
 Thus

Thus Fancie strung my Lute to Layes of Loue,
 and Loue hath rock'd my wearie Muse a-sleepe:
 And sleepe is broken by the paines I proue,
 and euerie paine I feele dooth force me weepe,
 Then farewell fancie, loue, sleepe, paine, and sore:
 And farewell weeping, I can waile no more.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

¶ Phillidaes *Loue-call to her Coridon, and his replying.*

Phil. **C**oridon, arise my *Coridon*,
Titan shineth cleare:

Cor. Who is it that calleth *Coridon*,
 who is it that I heare?

Phil. *Phillida* thy true-Loue calleth thee,
 arise then, arise then;
 arise and keepe thy flock with me:

Cor. *Phillida* my true-Loue, is it she?
 I come then, I come then,
 I come and keepe my flock with thee.

Phil. Heere are cherries ripe my *Coridon*,
 eate them for my sake:

Cor. Heere's my Oaten pipe my louely one,
 sport for thee to make.

Phil. Heere are threds my true-Loue, fine as silke,
 to knit thee, to knit thee
 a paire of stockings white as milke.

Cor. Heere are Reedes my true-Loue, fine and neate,
 to make thee, to make thee
 a Bonnet to with-stand the heate.

Phil. I will gather flowers my *Coridon*,
 to set in thy cap:

Cor,

Cor. I will gather Peares my louely one,
to put in thy lap.

Phil. I will buy my true-Loue Garters gay,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about his legs so tall:

Cor. I will buy my true-Loue yellow Say,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about her middle small.

Phil. When my *Coridon* sits on a hill,
making melodie:

Cor. When my louely one goes to her wheele
singing cherilie.

Phil. Sure me thinks my true-Loue dooth excell
for sweetnes, for sweetnes,
our *Pan* that old Arcadian Knight:

Cor. And me thinks my true-Loue beares the bell
for clearenes, for clearenes,
beyond the Nymphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my *Coridon*, my *Coridon*,
beene (alack) her Swaine:

Cor. Had my louely one, my louely one,
beene in *Ida* plaine.

Phil. *Cynthia Endimion* had refus'd,
preferring, preferring
my *Coridon* to play with-all:

Cor. The Queene of Loue had beene excus'd,
bequeathing, bequeathing,
my *Phillida* the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my Mother, *Coridon*,
whether shall I flie?

Cor. Vnder yonder Beech my louely one,
while she passeth by.

Say to her thy true-Loue was not heere,
remember, remember,
to morrow is another day:

Phil.

Phil. Doubt me not, my true-Loue, doo not feare,
farewell then, farewell then,
heauen keepe our loues alway.

FINIS.

Ignoto.¶ *The Sheepheards solace.*

P *Hæbus* delights to view his Laurell tree,
The Poplar pleaseth *Hercules* alone:
Melissa mother is and faultrix to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Oliue branch alone.
Of Sheepheards and their flocks *Pales* is Queene:
And *Ceres* ripes the Corne was lately greene.
To *Chloris* euery flower belongs of right,
The *Dryade* Nymphs of woods make chiefe account:
Oreades in hills haue their delight,
Diana dooth protect each bubling Fount.
To *Hebe* louely kissing is assign'd:
To *Zephire* euery gentle-breathing wind.
But what is Loues delight? To hurt each where
He cares not whom, with Darts of deepe desire:
With watchfull iealousie, with hope, with feare,
With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.
O happy houre, wherein I did forgoe:
This little God, so great a cause of woe.

FINIS.

Tbo. Watson.¶ *Syrenus Song to Eugerius.*

L Et now the goodly Spring-tide make vs merrie,
And fields, which pleasant flowers doo adorne:
And Vales, Meades, Woods, with liuely colours flourish,
Let plenteous flocks the Sheepheards riches nourish,
K. Let

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let hungry Woolues by dogges to death be torne,
And Lambes reioyce, with passed winter wearie.

Let euery Riuers Ferrie

In waters slow, and siluer streames abounding,
And fortune, ceaselesse wounding.

Turne now thy face, so cruell and vnstable,
Be firme and fauourable.

And thou that kill'st our soules with thy pretences:
Molest not (wicked Loue) my inward sences.

Let Country plainenes liue in ioyes not ended,

In quiet of the desert Meades and mountaines,
And in the pleasure of a Country dwelling

Let Shepheards rest, that haue distilled fountaines
Of teares: prooue not thy wrath, all paines excelling,
Vpon poore soules, that neuer haue offended.

Let thy flames be incended

In haughtie Courts, in those that swim in treasure,
And liue in ease and pleasure.

And that a sweetest scorne (my wonted sadnes)

A perfect rest and gladnes

And hills and Dales, may giue me: with offences
Molest not (wicked Loue) my inward sences.

In what law find'st thou, that the freeest reason

And wit, vnto thy chaines should be subiected,
And harmlesse soules vnto thy cruell murder?

O wicked Loue, the wretch that flieth furdur

From thy extreames, thou plagu'st. O false, suspected,
And carelesse boy, that thus thy sweets doost season,

O vile and wicked treason.

Might not thy might suffice thee, but thy fuell
Of force must be so cruell?

To be a Lord, yet like a Tyrant minded,
Vaine boy with errour blinded.

Why doost thou hurt his life with thy offences:
That yeelds to thee his soule and inward sences?

He erres (alas) and foulely is deceaued
 That calls thee God, being a burning fire:
 A furious flame, a playning greefe and clamorous,
 And *Venus* sonne (that in the earth was amorous,
 Gentle, and mild, and full of sweet desire)
 Who calleth him, is of his wits bereaued.
 And yet that she conceaued
 By prooffe, so vile a sonne and so vnruely:
 I say (and yet say truly)
 That in the cause of harmes, that they haue framed,
 Both iustly may be blamed:
 She that did breede him with such vile pretences,
 He that dooth hurt so much our inward sences.

The gentle Sheepe and Lambs are euer flying
 The rauinous Woolues and beasts, that are pretending
 To glut their mawes with flesh they teare asunder.
 The milke-white Doves at noyse of fearefull thunder
 Flie home a-maine, themselues from harme defending.
 The little Chick, when Puttocks are a crying,
 The Woods and Meadows dying
 For raine of heauen (if that they cannot haue it)
 Doo neuer cease to craue it.
 So euery thing his contrary resisteth,
 Onely thy thrall persisteth
 In suffering of thy wrongs without offences:
 And lets thee spoile his hart and inward sences.

A publique passion, Natures lawes restrayning,
 And which with words can neuer be declared,
 A soule twixt loue, and feare, and desperation,
 And endlesse plaint, that shuns all consolation,
 A spendlesse flame, that neuer is impaired,
 A friendlesse death, yet life in death maintayning,
 A passion, that is gayning
 On him that loueth well, and is absented,
 Whereby it is augmented.
 A iecalousie, a burning greefe and sorrow,

These fauours Louers borrow
Of thee fell Loue, these be thy recompences:
Consuming still their soule and inward sences.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *The Sheepeheard Arsileus replie to Syrenus Song.*

O Let that time a thousand moneths endure,
Which brings from heauen the sweet and siluer showers,
And ioyes the earth (of comfort late depriued)
With grasse and leaues, fine buds, and painted flowers.
Ecchoe, returne vnto the woods obscure.
Ring forth the Sheepeheards Songs in loue contriued.
Let old loues be reuiued,
Which angry Winter buried but of late,
And that in such a state
My soule may haue the full accomplishment
Of ioy and sweet content.
And since fierce paines and greefes thou doost controule
Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward soule.

Presume not (Sheepeheards) once to make you merrie,
With springs, and flowers, or any pleasant Song,
(Vnlesse mild Loue possesse your amorous breasts)
If you sing not to him, your Songs doo wearie,
Crowne him with flowers, or else ye doo him wrong,
And consecrate your Springs to his behests.
I to my Sheepehardesse
My happy loues with great content doo sing.
And flowers to her doo bring.
And sitting neere her by the Riuer side,
Enioy the braue Spring-tide.
Since then thy ioyes such sweetnes dooth enroule:
Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward soule.

The

The wise (in auncient time) a God thee nam'd,
 Seeing that with thy power and supreame might,
 Thou didst such rare and mighty wonders make:
 For thee a hart is frozen and enflam'd,
 A foole thou mak'st a wise man with thy light,
 The coward turnes couragious for thy sake.
 The mighty Gods did quake
 At thy commaund: To birds and beasts transformed,
 Great Monarches haue not scorned
 To yeeld vnto the force of beauties lure:
 Such spoiles thou doost procure
 With thy braue force, which neuer may be tould:
 With which (sweet Loue) thou conquer'st euery soule.

In other times obscurely I did liue
 But with a drowsie, base, and simple kinde
 Of life, and onely to my profit bend me:
 To thinke of Loue my selfe I did not giue,
 Or for good grace, good parts, and gentle minde,
 Neuer did any Sheeheardesse commend me.
 But crowned now they send me
 A thousand Garlands, that I wone with praise,
 In wrastling dayes by dayes,
 In pitching of the barre with arme most strong,
 And singing many a Song.
 After that thou didst honour, and take hould
 Of me (sweet Loue) and of my happy soule.

What greater ioy can any man desire,
 Then to remaine a Captiue vnto Loue:
 And haue his hart subiected to his power?
 And though sometimes he tast a little sower
 By suffering it, as mild as gentle Doue
 Yet must he be, in liew of that great hire
 Whereto he dooth aspire:
 If Louers liue afflicted and in paine,
 Let them with cause complaine
 Of cruell fortune, and of times abuse,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And let not them accuse
Thee (gentle-Loue) that dooth with blisse enfold
Within thy sweetest ioyes each liuing soule.

Behold a faire sweete face, and shining eyes,
Resembling two most bright and twinkling starres,
Sending vnto the soule a perfect light:

Behold the rare perfections of those white
And luorie hands, from greefes most surest barres:
That mind wherein all life and glory lyes,

That ioy that neuer dyes,
That he dooth feele, that loues and is beloued,

And my delights approoued,
To see her pleas'd, whose loue maintaines me heere,

All those I count so deere,
That though sometimes Loue dooth my ioyes controule:
Yet am I glad he dwels within my soule.

F I N I S.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *A Sheepheards dreame.*

A Silly Sheepheard lately sate
among a flock of Sheepe:
Where musing long on this and that,
at last he fell a sleepe.
And in the slumber as he lay,
he gaue a pitteous groane:
He thought his sheepe were runne away,
and he was left alone.
He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd,
but not a sheepe came neere him:
Which made the Sheepheard sore appall'd,
to see that none would heare him.
But as the Swaine amazed stood,
in this most solemne vaine:

Came

Came *Phyllida* foorth of the wood,
 and stooode before the Swaine.
 Whom when the Sheeheard did behold,
 he straite began to weepe:
 And at the hart he grew a cold,
 to thinke vpon his sheepe.
 For well he knew, where came the Queene,
 the Sheeheard durst not stay:
 And where that he durst not be seene,
 the sheepe must needs away.
 To aske her if she saw his flock,
 might happen pacience mooue:
 And haue an aunswere with a mock,
 that such demaunders prooue.
 Yet for because he saw her come
 alone out of the wood:
 He thought he would not stand as dombe,
 when speach might doo him good.
 And therefore falling on his knees,
 to aske but for his sheepe:
 He did awake, and so did leese
 the honour of his sleepe.

F I N I S.

N. Breton.

¶ *The Sheeheard's Ode.*

Nights were short, and dayes were long,
 Blossomes on the Hawthorne hong,
Philomell (Night-Musiques King,) Told the comming of the Spring:
 Whose sweete-siluer-sounding-voyce,
 Made the little birds reioyce,
 Skipping light from spray to spray,
 Till *Aurora* shew'd the day.
 Scarce might one see, when I might see
 (For such chaunces sudden be)

By

By a Well of Marble-stone,
 A Sheepheard lying all a-lone.
 Weepe he did, and his weeping
 Made the fading flowers spring.
Daphnis was his name I weene,
 Youngest Swaine of Sommers Queene.
 When *Aurora* saw t'was he
 Weepe she did for companie:
 Weepe she did for her sweet Sonne,
 That (when antique Troy was wonne)
 Suffer'd death by lucklesse Fate,
 Whom she now laments too late:
 And each morning (by Cocks crewe)
 Showers downe her siluer dewe,
 Whose teares falling from their spring,
 Give moisture to each liuing thing
 That on earth encrease and grow,
 Through power of their friendly foe.
 Whose effect when *Flora* felt,
 Teares, that did her bosome melt,
 (For who can resist teares often,
 But she whom no teares can soften?)
 Peering straite aboue the banks,
 Shew'd her selfe to giue her thanks.
 Wondring thus at Natures worke
 (Wherein many meruailes lurke)
 Me thought I heard a dolefull noyse,
 Consorted with a mournfull voyce,
 Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
 Heare I did, vnto my paine,
 (For who is not pain'd to heare
 Him in grieve whom hart holds deere?)
 Silly Swaine with grieve ore-gone
 Thus to make his pitteous mone.
 Loue I did, alas the while,
 Loue I did, but did beguile
 My deere Loue with louing so,
 Whom as then I did not know.

Loue I did the fayrest boy
 That these fields did ere enioy.
 Loue I did faire *Ganimede*,
Venus darling, beauties bed:
 Him I thought the fairest creature,
 Him the quintessence of Nature.
 But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
 (Loue of reason is bereau'd.)
 For since then I saw a Lasse,
 Lasse that did in beauty passe,
 Passe faire *Ganimede* as farre
 As *Phæbus* dooth the smallest starre.
 Loue commaunded me to loue,
 Fancie bad me not remoue
 My affection from the Swaine
 Whom I neuer could obtaine:
 (For who can obtaine that fauour
 Which he cannot graunt the crauer?)
 Loue at last (though loth) preuail'd,
 Loue that so my heart assail'd,
 Wounding me with her faire eyes
 Ah how Loue can subillize?
 And deuise a thousand shifts
 How to worke men to his drifts.
 Her it is, for whom I mourne,
 Her, for whom my life I scorne.
 Her, for whom I weepe all day,
 Her, for whom I sigh, and say
 Eyther she, or else no creature
 Shall enioy my loue: whose feature
 Though I neuer can obtaine,
 Yet shall my true-loue remaine:
 Till (my body turn'd to clay)
 My poore soule must passe away,
 To the heauens; where I hope
 It shall finde a resting scope.
 Then since I loued thee alone,
 Remember me when I am gone.

L.

Scarse

Scarse had he these last words spoken,
 But me thought his hart was broken,
 With great greefe that did abound,
 (Cares and greefe the hart confound.)
 In whose hart thus riu'd in three,
Eliza written I might see
 In Characters of crimson blood,
 Whose meaning well I vnderstood.
 Which, for my hart might not behold:
 I hied me home my Sheepe to fold.

FINIS.

Rich. Barnefelde.

¶ *The Shepheards commendation of his Nymph.*

What Sheepheard can expresse
 The fauour of her face?
 To whom in this distresse
 I doo appeale for grace.
 A thousand *Cupids* flye
 About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a dart,
 That kindleth soft sweet fire
 Within my sighing hart,
 Possessed by desire.

No sweeter life I trie
 Then in her loue to die.

The Lilly in the field,
 That glories in his white:
 For purenes now must yeeld
 And render vp his right.
 Heauen pictur'd in her face,
 Dooth promise ioy and grace.

Faire *Cynthiaes* siluer light,
 That beates on running streames:

Compares

Compares not with her white,
 Whose haire are all Sunne-beames.
 So bright my Nymph dooth shine
 As day vnto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
 Exceedes the Damaske-Rose:
 Which in her cheekes is spred,
 Whence euery fauour growes.
 In Skie there is no starre,
 But she surmounts it farre.

When *Phæbus* from the bed
 Of *Thetis* dooth arise;
 The morning blushing red,
 In faire Carnation wise:
 He shewes in my Nimphs face,
 As Queene of euery grace.

This pleasant Lilly white,
 This taint of Roseate red:
 This *Cynthiaes* siluer light,
 This sweete faire *Dea* spred,
 These Sun-beames in mine eye,
 These beauties make me die.

FINIS.

Earle of Oxenford.

¶ Coridon to his Phillis.

A Las my hart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
 Presumptuous eye, to gaze on *Phillis* face:
 Whose heauenly eye no mortall man may see,
 But he must die, or purchase *Phillis* grace.
 Poore *Coridon*, the Nymph whose eye dooth mooue thee:
 Dooth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

L. 2.

Her

Her beautie, Natures pride, and Shepheards praise,
 Her eye, the heauenly Planet of my life:
 Her matchlesse wit and grace, her fame displaies,
 As if that *Ioue* had made her for his wife.

Onely her eyes shoote fierie darts to kill:
 Yet is her hart as cold as *Caucase* hill.

My wings too weake to flye against the Sunne,
 Mine eyes vnable to sustaine her light:
 My hart dooth yeeld that I am quite vndone,
 Thus hath faire *Phillis* slaine me with her sight.

My bud is blasted, withred is my leafe:
 And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.

Phillis, the golden fetter of my minde,
 My fancies Idoll, and my vitall power:
 Goddess of Nymphs, and honour of thy kinde,
 This ages *Phænix*, beauties richest bower.

Poore *Coridon* for loue of thee must die:
 Thy beauties thrall, and conquest of thine eye.

Leaue *Coridon* to plough the barren field,
 Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace:
 For *Phillis* lookes no hartly loue doo yeeld,
 Nor can she loue, for all her louely face.

Die *Coridon*, the spoile of *Phillis* eye:
 She cannot loue, and therefore thou must die.

FINIS.

S. E. Dyer.

¶ *The Shepheards description of Loue.*

Melibeus. *S*heepheard, what's Loue, I pray thee tell?
Faustus. It is that Fountaine, and that Well,
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
 It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
 That toules all into heauen or hell,
 And this is Loue as I heard tell.

Meli

Meli. Yet what is Loue, I pre-thee say?

Fau. It is a worke on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May,
When lustie-bloods in fresh aray,
Heare ten moneths after of the play,
And this is Loue, as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Sheepheard saine?

Fau. It is a Sun-shine mixt with raine,
It is a tooth-ach, or like paine,
It is a game where none dooth gaine,
The Lasse saith no, and would full faine:
And this is Loue, as I heare saine.

Meli. Yet Sheepheard, what is Loue, I pray?

Fau. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soone away,
Then Nymphs take vantage while ye may:
And this is loue as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is loue, good Sheepheard show?

Fau. A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,
A prize that passeth too and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that prooues shall finde it so;
And Sheepheard this is loue I troe.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ *To his Flocks.*

FEede on my Flocks securely,
Your Sheepheard watcheth surely,
Runne about my little Lambs,
Skip and wanton with your Dammes,
Your louing Heard with care will tend ye:
Sport on faire flocks at pleasure,
Nip *Vestaes* flowring treasure,

I my selfe will duely harke,
 When my watchfull dogge dooth barke,
 From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

FINIS.

H. C.

¶ *A Roundelay betweene two Sheepheards.*

1. *Shep.* **T**ELL me thou gentle Sheepheards Swaine,
 Who'se yonder in the Vale is set?
2. *Shep.* Oh it is she, whose sweetes doo staine,
 The Lilly, Rose, the Violet.
1. *Shep.* Why dooth the Sunne against his kind,
 Fixe his bright Chariot in the skies?
2. *Shep.* Because the Sunne is strooken blind,
 With looking on her heauenly eyes.
1. *Shep.* Why doo thy flocks forbear their food,
 Which sometime were thy chiefe delight?
2. *Shep.* Because they neede no other good,
 That liue in presence of her sight.
1. *Shep.* Why looke these flowers so pale and ill,
 That once attir'd this goodly Heath?
2. *Shep.* She hath rob'd Nature of her skill,
 And sweetens all things with her breath.
1. *Shep.* Why slide these brookes so slow away,
 Whose bubling murmur pleas'd thine eare?
2. *Shep.* Oh meruaile not although they stay,
 When they her heauenly voyce doo heare.
1. *Shep.* From whence come all these Sheepheards Swaines,
 And louely Nimphs attir'd in greene?
2. *Shep.* From gathering Garlands on the Plaines,
 To crowne our faire the Sheepheards Queene.

The

Both. The Sunne that lights this world below,
 Flocks, flowers, and brookes will witnesse beare:
 These Nymphs and Shepheards all doo know,
 That it is she is onely faire.

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.¶ *The solitarie Shepheards Song.*

O Shadie Vales, ô faire enriched Meades,
 Osacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountaines:
 O painted flowers, greene hearbs where *Flora* treads,
 Refresht by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

O all you winged Queristers of wood,
 that pearcht aloft, your former paines report:
 And straite againe recount with pleasant moode,
 your present ioyes in sweete and seemely sort.

O all you creatures whosoeuer thriue
 on mother earth, in Seas, by ayre, by fire:
 More blest are you then I heere vnder Sunne,
 loue dies in me, when as he dooth reuiue
 In you, I perish vnder beauties ire,
 where after stormes, winds, frosts, your life is wunne.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.¶ *The Shepheards resolution in loue.*

IF *Ioue* him-selfe be subiect vnto *Loue*,
 And range the woods to finde a mortall pray,
 If *Neptune* from the Seas him-selfe remoue,
 And seeke on sands with earthly wights to play:
 Then may I loue my Sheepeardeesse by right,
 Who farre excells each other mortall wight?

If

If *Pluto* could by Loue be drawne from hell,
 To yeeld him-selfe a silly virgins thrall.
 If *Phæbus* could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
 To winne a rustick Mayde vnto his call:

Then how much more should I adore the sight,
 Of her in whom the heauens them-selues delight?

If Country *Pan* might follow Nymphs in chase,
 And yet through loue remaine deuoid of blame,
 If *Satires* were excus'd for seeking grace,
 To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame:

My Sheepeardeesse, why should not I loue still
 On whom nor Gods nor men can gaze their fill?

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ Coridons *Hymne in praise of Amarillis.*

Would mine eyes were christall Fountaines,
 Where you might the shadow view
 Of my greefes, like to these mountaines
 Swelling for the losse of you.

Cares which curelesse are alas,
 Helplesse, haplesse for they grow:
 Cares like tares in number passe,
 All the seedes that loue dooth sow.
 Who but could remember all
 Twinkling eyes still representing?
 Starres which pierce me to the gall,
 Cause they lend no more contenting.
 And you Nectar-lips, alluring
 Humane sence to tast of heauen:
 For no Art of mans manuring,
 Finer silke hath ever weauen.
 Who but could remember this,
 The sweete odours of your fauour?

When

When I smeld I was in blisse,
 Neuer felt I sweeter sauour.
 And your harmelesse hart annoynted,
 As the custome was of Kings:
 Shewes your sacred soule appoynted,
 To be prime of earthly things.
 Ending thus remember all,
 Cloathed in a mantle greene:
 Tis enough I am your thrall,
 Leaue to thinke what eye hath seene.
 Yet the eye may not so leaue,
 Though the thought doo still repine:
 But must gaze till death bequeath,
 Eyes and thoughts vnto her shrine.
 Which if *Amarillis* chaunce,
 Hearing to make hast to see:
 To life death she may aduaunce.
 Therefore eyes and thoughts goe free.

FINIS.

T. B.

¶ *The Shepheard Carillo his Song.*

Guarda mi las Vaccas
Carillo, por tu fe,
Besa mi Primero,
Yo te las guardare.

I Pre-thee keepe my Kine for me
Carillo, wilt thou? Tell.
 First let me haue a kisse of thee,
 And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe,
 Thou doost commend thy Kine or Sheepe,
 M.

For

For thee I doo suffice:
 Because in this I haue beene bred,
 But for so much as I haue fed
 By viewing thee, mine eyes;
 Commaund not me to keepe thy beast:
 Because my self I can keepe least.

How can I keepe, I pre-thee tell,
 Thy Kie, my selfe that cannot well
 defend, nor please thy kinde,
 As long as I haue serued thee?
 But if thou wilt giue vnto me
 a kisse to please my minde:
 I aske no more for all my paine,
 And I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not so great
 That I doo aske, to keepe thy Neate,
 but vnto me it is
 A guerdon, that shall make me liue.
 Disdaine not then to lend, or giue
 so small a gift as this.
 But if to it thou canst not frame:
 Then giue me leaue to take the same.

But if thou doost (my sweet) denie
 To recompence me by and by,
 thy promise shall relent me:
 Heere-after some reward to finde,
 Behold how I doo please my minde,
 and fauours doo content me,
 That though thou speak'st it but in iest:
 I meane to take it at the best.

Behold how much loue works in me,
 And how ill recompenc'd of thee
 that with the shadow of
 Thy happy fauours (though delay'd)

I thinke

I thinke my selfe right well appay'd,
 although they prooue a scoffe.
 Then pittie me, that haue forgot:
 My selfe for thee, that carest not.

O in extreame thou art most faire,
 And in extreame vniust despaire
 thy cruelty maintaines:
 O that thou wert so pittifull
 Vnto these torments that doo pull
 my soule with sencelesse paines,
 As thou shew'st in that face of thine:
 Where pittie and mild grace should shine.

If that thy faire and sweetest face
 Assureth me both peace and grace,
 thy hard and cruell hart:
 Which in that white breast thou doo'st beare,
 Dooth make me tremble yet for feare
 thou wilt not end my smart.
 In contraries of such a kinde:
 Tell me what succour shall I finde?

If then young Sheephardesse thou craue
 A Heards-man for thy beast to haue,
 with grace thou maist restore
 Thy Sheepheard from his barren loue,
 For neuer other shalt thou prooue,
 that seekes to please thee more:
 And who to serue thy turne, will neuer shun,
 The nipping frost, and beames of parching Sun.
 FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Corins dreame of his faire Chloris.

WHat time bright *Titan* in the *Zenith* sat,
 And equally the fixed poales did heate:
 When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
 And vnderneath a broade Beech tooke my seate.
 The dreaming God which *Morpheus* Poets call
 Augmenting fuell to my *Aetnaes* fire,
 With sleepe possessing my weake sences all,
 In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
 Me thought I saw the Nimph I would embrace,
 With armes abroad comming to me for helpe:
 A lust-led Satire hauing her in chace,
 Which after her about the fields did yelp.
 I seeing my Loue in such perplexed plight,
 A sturdie bat from off an Oake I reft:
 And with the Rauisher continued fight,
 Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
 Then when my coy Nimph saw her breathlesse foe,
 With kisses kind she gratifies my paine:
 Protesting rigour neuer more to show,
 Happy was I this good hap to obtaine.
 But drowsie slumbers flying to their Cell,
 My sudden ioy conuerted was to bale:
 My wonted sorrowes still with me doo dwell,
 I looked round about on hill and Dale:
 But I could neither my faire *Chloris* view,
 Nor yet the Satire which yer-while I slew.

FINIS.

W. S.

¶ *The Sheepbeard Damons passion.*

AH trees, why fall your leaues so fast?
 Ah Rocks, where are your roabes of mosse?
 Ah Flocks, why stand you all agast?
 Trees, Rocks, and Flocks, what, are yepensue for my losse?

The birds me thinks tune naught but moane,
 The winds breath naught but bitter plaint:
 The beasts forsake their dennes to groane,
 Birds, winds, and beasts, what, dooth my losse your powers attaint?

Floods weepe their springs aboue their bounds,
 And Eccho wailes to see my woe:
 The roabe of ruthe dooth cloath the grounds,
 Floods, Eccho, grounds, why dooye all these teares bestow?

The trees, the Rocks and Flocks replie,
 The birds, the winds, the beasts report:
 Floods, Eccho, grounds for sorrow crie,
 We greeue since *Phillis* nill kinde *Damons* loue consort.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.¶ *The Sheepbeard Musidorus his complaint.*

COME Sheepheards weedes, become your Maisters minde,
 Yeeld outward shew, what inward change he tries:
 Nor be abash'd, since such a guest you finde,
 Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lies.
 Come Sheepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries,
 Disuse your selues from sweete *Menalcas* voyce:
 For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,

M. 3.

From

From those cleare notes which freely may reioyce.
 Then poure out plaints, and in one word say this:
 Helplesse his plaint, who spoiles him selfe of blisse.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *The Shepheards braule, one halfe aunsvering the other.*

1. **W**E loue, and haue our loues rewarded?
 2. We loue, and are no whit regarded.
 1. We finde most sweet affections snare:
 2. That sweete but sower dispairefull care.
 1. Who can dispaire, whom hope dooth beare?
 2. And who can hope, that feesles dispaire?
All. As without breath no pipe, dooth moue:
 No Musique kindly without loue.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *Dorus his comparisons.*

MY Sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serue,
 Their pasture is faire hills of fruitlesse loue:
 On barren sweetes they feede, and feeding sterue,
 I waile their lot, but will not other proue.
 My sheepe-hooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds:
 My weedes, desires, cut out in endlesse folds.
 What wooll my Sheepeshall beare, while thus they liue:
 In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *The Sheepheard Faustus his Song.*

*A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie,
 One of the fairest as euer I did see:
 If that thou wilt a secret Louer take,
 (Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.*

Eclipsed was our Sunne,
 And faire *Aurora* darkened to vs quite,
 Our morning starre was doone,
 And Shepheards starre lost cleane out of our sight,
 When that thou didst thy faith in wedlock' plight.
 Dame Nature made thee faire,
 And ill did carelesse Fortune marry thee,
 And pittie with despaire
 It was, that this thy haplesse hap should be,
A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie.

Our eyes are not so bold
 To view the Sun, that flies with radiant wing:
 Vnlesse that we doo hold
 A glasse before them, or some other thing.
 Then wisely this to passe did Fortune bring
 To couer thee with such a vaile:
 For heeretofore, when any viewed thee,
 Thy sight made his to faile,
 For (sooth) thou art: thy beautie telleth mee,
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Thy graces to obscure,
 With such a froward husband, and so base
 She meant thereby most sure
 That *Cupids* force, and loue thou should'st embrace,
 For 'tis a force to loue, no wondrous case.
 Then care no more for kin,
 And doubt no more, for feare thou must forsake,
 To

To loue thou must begin,
 And from hence-forth this question neuer make,
If that thou should'st a secret Louer take?

Of force it dooth behouue
 That thou should'st be belou'd, and that againe
 (Faire Mistresse) thou should'st loue,
 For to what end, what purpose, and what gaine,
 Should such perfections serue? as now in vaine.

My loue is of such art,
 That (of it selfe) it well deserues to take
 In thy sweete loue a part:
 Then for no Sheepheard, that his loue dooth make,
(Sweet life) doo not my secret loue forsake.

F I N I S.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Another of the same, by Firmius the Sheepheard.*

IF that the gentle winde
 dooth mooue the leaues with pleasant sound,
 If that the Kid behind
 Is left, that cannot find
 her dam, runnes bleating vp and downe:
 The Bagpipe, Reede, or Flute,
 onely with ayre if that they touched be,
 With pittie all salute,
 And full of loue doo brute
 thy name, and sound *Diana*, seeing thee:
A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie.

The fierce and sauage beasts
 (beyond their kind and nature yet)
 With pitteous voyce and brest,
 In mountaines without rest
 the selfe same Song doo not forget.

If

If that they stay'd at (*Faire*)
 and had not passed to prying *Jealousie*:
 With plaints of such despaire
 As moou'd the gentle ayre
 to teares: The Song that they did sing, should be
 One of the fayrest as euer I did see.

Mishap, and fortunes play,
 ill did they place in Beauties brest:
 For since so much to say,
 There was of beauties sway,
 they had done well to leaue the rest.
 They had enough to doo,
 if in her praise their wits they did awake:
 But yet so must they too,
 And all thy loue that woo,
 thee not too coy, nor too too proude to make,
 If that thou wilt a secret Louer take.

For if thou hadst but knowne
 the beauty, that they heere doo touch,
 Thou woul'dst then loue alone
 Thy selfe, nor any one,
 onely thy selfe accounting much.
 But if thou doo'st conceaue
 this beauty, that I will not publique make,
 And mean'st not to bereaue
 The world of it, but leaue
 the same to some (which neuer peere did take,)
 (Sweet life) doo not my secret loue forsake.

F I N I S.

Bar. Yong.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Damelus *Song to his* Diaphenia.

D*Iaphenia* like the Daffadown-dillie,
White as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie,
heigh hoe, how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as my Lambs
Are beloued of their Dams,
how blest were I if thou would'st prooue me?

Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,
faire sweete how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as each flower,
Loues the Sunnes life-giuing power.
for dead, thy breath to life might mooue me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
deare Ioy, how I doo loue thee?
As the birds doo loue the Spring:
Or the Bees their carefull King,
then in requite, sweet Virgin loue me.

FINIS.

H. C.

¶ *The Sheepeheard Eurymachus to his faire Sheepehardesse
Mirimida.*

WHen *Flora* proud in pompe of all her flowers
 sate bright and gay:
 And gloried in the dewe of *Fris* showers,
 and did display
 Her mantle checquer'd all with gaudie greene,
 Then I
 alone
 A mournfull man in *Ericine* was seene.

With

With folded armes I trampled through the grasse,
 Tracing as he
 That held the throane of Fortune brittle glasse,
 And loue to be
 Like Fortune fleeting, as the restlesse wind
 Mixed
 with mists
 Whose dampe dooth make the clearest eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame,
 I cast my sight,
 And sawe where blithely bathing in the same
 With great delight
 A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate:
 And yet
 twas strange,
 It carelesse lay, and shrunk not at the heate.

I stoode amaz'd, and wondring at the sight,
 while that a dame,
 That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
 Discourst the same,
 And said, My friend, this worme within the fire:
 Which lyes
 content,
 Is *Venus* worme, and represents desire.

A Salamander is this princely beast,
 Deck'd with a crowne,
 Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous creast,
 Gainst Fortunes frowne.
 Content he lyes, and bathes him in the flame,
 And goes
 not foorth,
 For why, he cannot liue without the same.

As he, so Louers liue within the fire
 Of feruent love:

And shrinke not from the flame of hote desire,
 Nor will not moue
 From any heate that *Venus* force imparts:
 But lie
 content,
 Within a fire, and waste away their harts.

Vp flewe the Dame, and vanish'd in a cloud,
 But there stooode I,
 And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
 My loue: for why
 I felt within my hart a scorching fire,
 And yet
 as did
 The Salamander, twas my whole desire.

F I N I S.

Ro. Greene.¶ *The Sheepeheard Firmius his Song.*

SHeepeheards giue eare, and now be still
 Vnto my passions, and their cause,
 and what they be:
 Since that with such an earnest will,
 And such great signes of friendships lawes,
 you aske it me.

It is not long since I was whole,
 Nor since I did in euery part
 free-will resigne:
 It is not long since in my sole
 Possession, I did know my hart,
 and to be mine.

It is not long, since euen and morrow,
 All pleasure that my hart could finde,
 was in my power:

It is not long, since greefe and sorrow,
My louing hart began to binde,
and to deuoure.

It is not long, since companie
I did esteeme a ioy indeede
still to frequent:
Nor long, since solitarilie
I liu'd, and that this life did breede
my sole content.

Desirous I (wretched) to see,
But thinking not to see so much
as then I sawe:
Loue made me know in what degree,
His valour and braue force did touch
me with his lawe.

First he did put no more nor lesse
Into my hart, then he did view
that there did want:
But when my breast in such excesse
Of liuely flames to burne I knew,
then were so scant

My ioyes, that now did so abate,
(My selfe estraunged euery way
from former rest:)
That I did know, that my estate,
And that my life was euery day,
in deaths arrest.

I put my hand into my side,
To see what was the cause of this
vnwonted vaine:
Where I did finde, that torments hied
By endlesse death to preiudice
my life with paine.

Prais'd be her Nymphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Prais'd be her Knights, in whom true honour liues:
Prais'd be that force, by which she mooues the floods,
Let that *Diana* shine which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the Spheares,
She Mistresse-like makes all things to be pure:
Eternity in her oft change she beares,
 She beauty is, by her the faire endure.

Time weares her not, she dooth his Chariot guide,
Mortality below her Orbe is plást:
By her the vertue of the starres downe slide.
In her is vertues perfect Image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her woorth to know:
With *Circes* let them dwell, that thinke not so.

FINIS.

¶ *The Sheepheards dumpe.*

L Ike desert Woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow paineth.

The Trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my hart maintaineth,
To whet my greefe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wadge me warre, whilst hart no succour gaineth,
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs, by cares procured,
Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth,
To coole the heate the helplesse hart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, sighs, horrors vnrecured,
 Were nought esteem'd, if for their paines awarded:
 Your Shepheards loue might be by you regarded.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

¶ *The Nymph Dianaes Song.*

WHen that I poore soule was borne,
 I was borne vnfortunate:
 Presently the Fates had sworne,
 To fore-tell my haplesse state.

Titan his faire beames did hide,
Phæbe 'clips'd her siluer light:
 In my birth my Mother died,
 Young and faire in heauie plight.

And the Nurse that gaue me suck,
 Haplesse was in all her life:
 And I neuer had good luck,
 Being mayde or married wife.

I lou'd well, and was belou'd,
 And forgetting, was forgot:
 This a haplesse marriage mou'd,
 Greeuing that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
 Then in such a graue of woes
 Daylie to be buried,
 Which no end nor number knowes.

Young my Father married me,
 Forc'd by my obedience:
Syrenus, thy faith, and thee
 I forgot without offence.

Which

Which contempt I pay so farre,
Neuer like was paid so much:
Iealousies doo make me warre,
But without a cause of such.

I doo goe with iealous eyes,
To my folds, and to my Sheepe:
And with iealousie I rise,
When the day begins to peepe.

At his table I doo eate,
In his bed with him I lie:
But I take no rest, nor meate,
Without cruell iealousie.

If I aske him what he ayles,
And whereof he iealous is?
In his aunswere then he failes,
Nothing can he say to this.

In his face there is no cheere,
But he euer hangs the head:
In each corner he dooth peere,
And his speech is sad and dead.

Ill the poore soule liues ywis:
That so hardly married is.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Rowlands *Madrigall.*

FAire Loue rest thee heere,
Neuer yet was morne so cleere,
Sweete be not vnkinde,
Let me thy fauour finde,
Or else for loue I die.

O.

Harke

Harke this pretty bubling spring,
 How it makes the Meadowes ring,
 Loue now stand my friend,
 Heere let all sorrow end,

And I will honour thee.

See where little *Cupid* lyes,
 Looking babies in her eyes.
Cupid helpe me now,
 Lend to me thy bowe,
 to wound her that wounded me.
 Heere is none to see or tell,
 All our flocks are feeding by,
 This banke with Roses spred,
 Oh it is a dainty bed,
 fit for my Loue and me.

Harke the birds in yonder Groaue,
 How they chaunt vnto my Loue,
 Loue be kind to me,
 As I haue beene to thee,
 for thou hast wonne my hart.
 Calme windes blow you faire,
 Rock her thou sweete gentle ayre,
 O the morne is noone,
 The euening comes too soone,
 to part my Loue and me.

The Roses and thy lips doo meete,
 Oh that life were halfe so sweete,
 Who would respect his breath,
 That might die such a death,
 oh that life thus might die.
 All the bushes that be neere,
 With sweet Nightingales beset,
 Hush sweete and be still,
 Let them sing their fill,
 there's none our ioyes to let.

Sunne why doo'st thou goe so fast?
 Oh why doo'st thou make such hast?
 It is too early yet,
 So soone from ioyes to flit,
 why art thou so vnkind?
 See my little Lambkins runne,
 Looke on them till I haue done,
 Hast not on the night,
 To rob me of her sight,
 that liue but by her eyes.
 Alas, sweet Loue, we must depart,
 Harke, my dogge begins to barke,
 Some bodie's comming neere,
 They shall not finde vs heere,
 for feare of being chid.
 Take my Garland and my Gloue,
 Weare it for my sake my Loue,
 To morrow on the greene,
 Thou shalt be our Sheepheards Queene,
 crowned with Roses gay.

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.

¶ *Alanius the Sheepheard, his dolefull Song, complayning
 of Ismeniaes crueltie.*

NO more (ô cruell Nymph,) now hast thou prayed
 Enough in thy reuenge, prooue not thine ire
 On him that yeelds, the fault is now appayed
 Vnto my cost: Now mollifie thy dire
 Hardnes, and brest of thine so much obdured:
 And now raise vp (though lately it hath erred,)
 A poore repenting soule, that in the obscured
 Darknes of thy obliuion lyes enterred.
 For it falls not in that, that should commend thee:
 That such a Swaine as I may once offend thee.

O. 2.

If

If that the little Sheepe with speede is flying
 From angry Sheeheard (with his words afrayed)
 And runneth here and there with fearefull crying,
 And with great grieve is from the flock eſtrayed:
 But when it now perceiues that none doth follow,
 And all alone, ſo farre eſtraying, mourneth,
 Knowing what danger it is in, with hollow
 And fainting bleates, then fearefull it returneth
 Vnto the flock, meaning no more to leaue it:
 Should it not be a iuſt thing to receaue it?

Lift vp thoſe eyes (*Iſmenia*) which ſo ſtately
 To view me, thou haſt lifted vp before me,
 That liberty, which was mine owne but lately,
 Giue me againe, and to the ſame reſtore me:
 And that mild hart, ſo full of loue and pittie,
 Which thou didſt yeeld to me, and euer owe me;
 Behold (my Nymph) I was not then ſo wittie
 To know that ſincere loue that thou didſt ſhew me:
 Now wofull man, full well I know and rue it,
 Although it was too late before I knew it.

How could it be (my enemie?) ſay, tell me,
 How thou (in greater fault and errour being
 Then euer I was thought) ſhould'ſt thus repell me?
 And with new league and cruell title ſeeing
 Thy faith ſo pure and worthy to be changed?
 And what is that *Iſmenia*, that dooth bind it
 To loue, whereas the ſame is moſt eſtranged,
 And where it is impoſſible to finde it?
 But pardon me, if heerein I abuſe thee:
 Since that the cauſe thou gau'ſt me dooth excuſe me.

But tell me now, what honour haſt thou gayned,
 Auenging ſuch a fault by thee committed,
 And there-vnto by thy occaſion trayned?
 What haue I done, that I haue not acquitted?
 Or what exceſſe that is not amply payed,

Or suffer more, that I haue not endured?
 What cruell minde, what angry breast displayed,
 With sauage hart, to fierceness so adiured?
 Would not such mortall grieve make milde and tender:
 But that, which my fell Sheeheardesse dooth render?

Now as I haue perceaued well thy reasons,
 Which thou hast had, or hast yet to forget me,
 The paines, the griefes, the guilts of forced treasons,
 That I haue done, wherein thou first didst set me:
 The passions, and thine eares and eyes refusing
 To heare and see me, meaning to vndoe me:
 Cam'st thou to know, or be but once perusing
 Th'vnsought occasions, which thou gau'st vnto me:
 Thou should'st not haue where-with to more torment me:
 Nor I to pay the fault my rashnes lent me.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Montana the Sheeheard, his loue to Aminta.*

I Serue *Aminta*, whiter then the snowe,
 Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the glasse:
 More fine in trip, then foote of running Roe,
 More pleasant then the field of flowring grasse.
 More gladsome to my withering ioyes that fade:
 Then Winters Sunne, or Sommers cooling shade.

Sweeter then swelling Grape of ripeſt wine,
 Softer then feathers of the faireſt Swan:
 Smoother then Iet, more ſtately then the Pine,
 Fresher then Poplar, ſmaller then my ſpan.
 Clearer then *Phæbus* fierie pointed beame:
 Or Icie cruſt of Chriſtalls frozen ſtreame.

O. 3.

Yet

Yet is she curster then the Beare by kind,
 And harder harted then the aged Oake:
 More glib then Oyle, more fickle then the wind,
 More stiffe then Steele, no sooner bent but broake.
 Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore:
 Yet will I serue, although I die therefore.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

¶ *The Shepheards sorrow for his Phæbes disdaine.*

O H Woods vnto your walks my body hies,
 To loose the trayterous bonds of tyring Loue,
 Where trees, where hearbs, where flowers,
 Their natue moisture poures
 From forth their tender stalkes, to helpe mine eyes,
 Yet their vnited teares may nothing moue.

When I behold the faire adorned tree,
 Which lightnings force and Winters frost resists,
 Then *Daphnes* ill betide,
 And *Phæbus* lawlesse pride
 Enforce me say, euen such my sorrowes be:
 For selfe disdaine in *Phæbes* hart consists.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares
 Looke louely sweete: Ah then forlorne I crie
 Sweete showers for *Memnon* shed,
 All flowers by you are fed.
 Whereas my pittious plaint that still appeares,
 Yields vigor to her scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
 With teare-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine:
 I yeeld a terror with my teares,
 And while her musique wounds mine eares,

Alas

Alas say I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorse, who still beweepe my paine?

When I behold vpon the leafe-lesse bow
The haplesse bird lament her Loues depart:
I draw her biding nigh,
And sitting downe I sigh,
And sighing say: Alas, that birds auow
A settled faith, yet *Phæbe* scornes my smart.

Thus wearie in my walke, and wofull too,
I spend the day, fore-spent with daily greefe:
Each object of distresse
My sorrow dooth expresse.
I doate on that which dooth my hart vndoo:
And honour her that scornes to yeeld releefe.

F I N I S.

Ignoto.

¶ *Espilus and Therion, their contention in Song for the
May-Ladie.*

Espilus. **T**Vne vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceite, the Song must needes be hie:
More high then starres, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue and die.
Sweete soule to whom I vowed am a slaue:
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.

Therion. The highest note comes oft from basest minde,
As shallow Brookes doo yeeld the greatest sound:
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde,
Thy starres be falne, plowed is thy flinty ground.
Sweet soule, let not a wretch that serueth Sheepe,
Among his Flock so sweete a treasure keepe.

Espilus.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Espilus. Two thousand Sheepe I haue as white as milke,
 Though not so white as is thy louely face:
 The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,
 All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace.
 But still take heede, least thou thy selfe submit:
 To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion. Two thousand Deere in wildest woods I haue,
 Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
 He is not poore who can his freedome saue,
 Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.
 But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse:
 For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

Both kneeling to her Maiestie.

Espilus. Iudge you, to whom all beauties force is lent:

Therion. Iudge you of loue, to whom all loue is bent.

This Song was sung before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, in Wansted Garden: as a contention betweene a Forrester and a Sheepheard for the May-Ladie.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *Olde Melibeus Song, courting his Nymph.*

LOues Queene long wayting for her true-Loue,
 Slaine by a Boare which he had chased,
 Left off her teares, and me embraced,
 She kist me sweete, and call'd me new-Loue.
 With my siluer haire she toied,
 In my stayed lookes she ioyed.
 Boyes (she sayd) breede beauties sorrow:
 Olde men cheere it euen and morrow.

My

My face she nam'd the seate of fauour,
 All my defects her tongue defended,
 My shape she prais'd, but most commended
 My breath more sweete then Balme in sauour.
 Be old man with me delighted,
 Loue for loue shall be requited.
 With her toyes at last she wone me:
 Now she coyes that hath vndone me.

FINIS.

Ignoto.¶ *The Sheepheard Syluanus his Song.*

MY life (young Sheephardesse) for thee
 Of needes to death must post:
 But yet my greefe must stay with me,
 After my life is lost.

The greeuous ill, by Death that cured is,
 Continuall hath remedy at hand:
 But not that torment that is like to this,
 That in slow time, and Fortunes meanes dooth stand.

And if this sorrow cannot be
 Ended with life (at most:)
 What then dooth this thing profit me,
 A sorrow wonne or lost?

Yet all is one to me, as now I trie
 a flattering hope, or that that had not been yet:
 For if to day for want of it I die,
 Next day I doo no lesse for hauing seene it.

Faine would I die, to end and free
 This greefe, that kills me most:

P.

If

If that it might be lost with me,
Or die when life is lost.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Coridons Song.*

A Blithe and bonny Country-Lasse,
heigh hoe bonny-Lasse,
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,
and weeping sayd: will none come woo me?
A smicker Boy, a lither Swaine:
heigh hoe a smicker Swaine,
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with smiling lookes straite came vnto her.

When as the wanton Wench espied,
heigh hoe when she espied,
The meanes to make her selfe a Bride,
she simpred smooth like bonnie-bell:
The Swaine that sawe her squint-eyed kinde,
heigh hoe squint-eyed kinde,
His armes about her body twin'd
and sayd, Faire Lasse, how fare ye, well?

The Country-Kit sayd, well forsooth,
heigh hoe well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas (said he) what garres thy greefe,
heigh hoe what garres thy greefe?
A wound (quoth she) without releefe,
I feare a mayde that I shall die.

If that be all, the Sheepheard sayd,
heigh hoe the Sheepheard sayd,

Ile make thee wiue it gentle Mayde,
 and so recure thy maladie:
 Heereon they kist with many an oath,
 heigh hoe many an oath,
 And fore God *Pan* did plight their troath,
 so to the Church apace they hie.

And God send euery pretty peate,
 heigh hoe the pretty peate,
 That feares to die of this conceite,
 so kind a friend to helpe at last:
 Then Maydes shall neuer long againe,
 heigh hoe to long againe,
 When they finde ease for such a paine.
 thus my Roundelay is past.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ *The Sheepbeards Sonnet.*

M*r faireſt Ganimede disdain me not,
 Though ſillie Sheepheard I, preſume to loue thee,
 Though my harſh Songs and Sonnets cannot mooue thee:
 Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot:
 Apollo, Ioue, and many Gods beſide
 S'dain'd not the name of Country Sheepbeards Swaines,
 Nor want we pleasures, though we take ſome paines.
 We liue contentedly: A thing call'd pride
 Which ſo corrupts the Court and euery place,
 (Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
 And yet of late, euen learnings ſelfe's infected,)
 I know not what it meanes in any caſe.
 We onely (when Molorchus gins to peepe,
 Learne for to fold, and to vnfold our Sheepe.*

FINIS.

Rich. Barnefelde.

¶ *Seluagia and Siluanus, their Song to Diana.*

- Sel.* **I** See thee iolly Sheepheard merrie,
 And firme thy faith, and sound as a berrie.
- Sil.* Loue gaue me ioy, and Fortune gaue it,
 As my desire could wish to haue it.
- Sel.* What didst thou wish, tell me (sweete Louer,)
 Whereby thou might'st such ioy recouer?
- Sil.* To loue where loue should be inspired:
 Since there's no more to be desired.
- Sel.* In this great glory, and great gladnes,
 Think'st thou to haue no touch of sadnes?
- Sil.* Good Fortune gaue me not such glorie:
 To mock my Loue, or make me sorrie.
- Sel.* If my firme loue I were denying,
 Tell me, with sighs would'st thou be dying?
- Sil.* Those words (in ieast) to heare thee speaking:
 For very grieve this hart is breaking.
- Sel.* Yet would'st thou change, I pre-thee tell me,
 In seeing one that did excell me?
- Sil.* O no, for how can I aspire,
 To more, then to mine owne desire?
- Sel.* Such great affection doo'st thou beare me:
 As by thy words thou seem'st to sweare me?
- Sil.* Of thy deserts, to which a debter
 I am, thou maist demaund this better.
- Sel.* Sometimes me thinks, that I should sweare it,
 Sometimes me thinks, thou should'st not beare it.
- Sil.* Onely in this my hap dooth greeue me,
 And my desire, not to belecue me.

Sel. Ima-

Sel. Imagine that thou doo'st not loue mine,
But some braue beauty that's aboue mine.
Sil. To such a thing (sweete) doo not will me:
Where faining of the same dooth kill me.

Sel. I see thy firmenesse gentle Louer,
More then my beauty can discover.
Sil. And my good fortune to be higher
Then my desert, but not desire.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Montanus *bis Madrigall.*

IT was a Vallie gawdie greene,
Where *Dian* at the Fount was seene,
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of *Dianaes* bowers,
In the pride of *Floraes* flowers.

A Fount it was that no Sunne sees,
Cirkled in with Cipres trees,
Set so nie,
As *Phæbus* eye
Could not doo the Virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight,
Virgins so
Ought to goe:
For white in Armorie is plaste
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffata Cassock you might see,
Tucked vp aboue her knee,

P.3.

Which

Which did show
 There below
 Legges as white as Whales bone,
 So white and chaste was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
 Sate her Virgins in a round,
 Bathing their
 Golden haire,
 And singing all in notes hie:
 Fie on *Venus* flattering eye.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witlesse, and a boy,
 All his fires,
 And desires,
 Are plagues that God sent from on hie:
 To pester men with miserie.

As thus the Virgins did disdain
 Louers ioy and Louers paine,
 Cupid nie
 Did espie,
 Greeuing at *Dianaes* Song,
 Slily stole these Maydes among.

His bowe of Steele, darts of fire,
 He shot amongst them sweete desire,
 Which straite flies
 In their eyes.
 And at the entraunce made them start,
 For it ranne from eye to hart.

Calisto straite supposed *Ioue*,
 Was faire and frollique for to loue.
 Dian she,
 Scap'd not free,
 For well I wote heere-vpon,
 She lou'd the Swaine *Endimion*.

Clitia, Phæbus, and Chloris eye
Thought none so faire as *Mercurie*.

Venus thus
Did discusse
By her Sonne in darts of fire:
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her Maydes,
Blushing thus at *Loues* braides,
With sighs all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging thence, pronounc'd this saw:
What so strong as *Loues* sweete law?

FINIS.

R^o. Greene.¶ *Astrophell to Stella, his third Song.*

IF Orpheus voyce had force to breathe such musiques loue
Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue:
If stones good measure daunc'd, the Thebane walls to build
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphyons Lyre did yeeld:
More cause a like effect at least-wise bringeth,
O stones, ô trees, learne hearing, *Stella* singeth.

¶ *Loue* might sweet'n so a boy of Sheepbeards broode,
To make a *Lyzard* dull to tast *Loues* daintie foode:
¶ *Eagle* fierce could so in Grecian Mayde delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night:
Earth gaue that *Loue*, beau'n I trow *Loue* defineth,
O beasts, ô birds, looke, *Loue*, loe, *Stella* shineth.

The birds, stones, and trees feele this, and feeling *Loue*,
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue:

Nor

*Nor beasts, nor birds doo come vnto this blessed gaze,
 Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue dooth amaze.
 They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
 O eyes, ô eares of men, how are you charmed?*

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sianey.

¶ *A Song betweene Syrenus and Syluanus.*

Syrenus. **W***Ho hath of Cupids cates and dainties prayed,
 May feede his Stomack with them at his pleasure:
 If in his drinke some ease he hath assayed,
 Then let him quench his thirsting without measure:
 And if his weapons pleasant in their manner,
 Let him embrace his Standard and his banner.
 For being free from him, and quite exempted:
 Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.*

Syluanus. *Of Cupids daintie cates who hath not prayed,
 May be depriued of them at his pleasure:
 If wormewood in his drinke he hath assayed,
 Let him not quench his thirsting without measure:
 And if his weapons cruell in their manner,
 Let him abiure his Standard and his banner:
 For I not free from him, and not exempted,
 Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.*

Syrenus. *Loue's so expert in giuing many a trouble,
 That now I know not why he should be praised:
 He is so false, so changing, and so double,
 That with great reason he must be dispraised.
 Loue in the end is such a iarring passion,
 That none should trust vnto his peeuish fashion,
 For of all mischiefe he's the onely Maister:
 And to my good a torment and disaster.*

Syluanus.

Sylvanus. *Loue's so expert in giuing ioy, not trouble,
That now I know not but he should be praised:
He is so true, so constant, neuer double,
That in my minde he should not be dispraised.
Loue in the end is such a pleasing passion,
That euery one may trust vnto his fashion.
For of all good he is the onely Maister:
And foe vnto my harmes, and my disaster.*

Syrenus. *Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
He knowes that dooth not loue, nor is beloued:
Now nights and dayes I rest, as I desire,
After I had such greefe from me remooued.
And cannot I be glad, since thus estraunged,
My selfe from false Diana I haue chaunged?
Hence, hence, false Loue, I will not entertaine thee:
Since to thy torments thou doo'st seeke to traine me.*

Sylvanus. *Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
He knowes that loues, and is again beloued:
Now nights and dayes I rest in sweete desire,
After I had such happy fortune prooued.
And cannot I be glad, since not estraunged,
My selfe into Seluagia I haue chaunged?
Come, come, good Loue, and I will entertaine thee:
Since to thy sweete content thou seek'st to traine me.*

F I N I S.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.*

S Well *Ceres* now, for other Gods are shrinking,
 Pomona pineth,
 Fruitlesse her tree:
 Faure *Phæbus* shineth
 Onely on me.

Q.

Conceite

Conceite dooth make me smile whilst I am thinking,
 How euery one dooth reade my storie,
 How euery bough on *Ceres* lowreth,
 Cause heauen plenty on me powreth,
 And they in leaues doo onely glorie,
 All other Gods of power bereauen,
Ceres onely Queene of heauen.

With roabes and flowers let me be dressed,
Cinthia that shineth
 Is not so cleare:
Cinthia declineth
 When I appeare.

Yet in this Isle she raignes as blessed,
 And euery one at her dooth wonder,
 And in my eares still fond fame whispers
Cinthia shall be *Ceres* Mistres,
 But first my Carre shall riue in sunder.
 Helpe *Phæbus* helpe, my fall is suddaine:
Cinthia, *Cinthia* must be Soueraigne.

*This Song was sung before her Maiestie, at Bissam,
 the Lady Russels, in pro grace. The Authors name
 unknowne to me.*

¶ *A Pastorall Ode to an honourable friend.*

AS to the blooming prime,
 Bleake Winter being fled:
 From compasse of the clime,
 Where Nature lay as dead,
 The Riuers dull'd with time,
 The greene leaues withered,
 Fresh *Zephyri* (the Westerne brethren) be:
 So th'honour of your fauour is to me.

For

For as the Plaines reuiue,
 And put on youthfull greene:
 As plants begin to thriue,
 That disattir'd had beene:
 And Arbours now aliuie,
 In former pompe are seene.
 So if my Spring had any flowers before:
 Your breathes *Fauonius* hath encreast the store.

FINIS.

E. B.

¶ *A Nymphs disdain of Loue.*

HEy downe a downe did *Dian* sing,
 amongst her Virgins sitting:
 Then loue there is no vainer thing,
 for Maydens most vnfitting.
 And so think I, with a downe downe derrie.

When women knew no woe,
 but liu'd them-selues to please:
 Mens fayning guiles they did not know,
 the ground of their disease.
 Vnborne was false suspect,
 no thought of ieaousie:
 From wanton toyes and fond affect,
 the Virgins life was free.
 Hey downe a downe did *Dian* sing, &c.

At length men vsed charmes,
 to which what Maides gaue eare:
 Embracing gladly endlesse harmes,
 anone enthralled were.
 Thus women welcom'd woe,
 disguis'd in name of loue:
 A ieaous hell, a painted show,
 so shall they finde that proue.

Q. 2.

Hey

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Hey downe a downe did *Dian* sing,
amongst her Virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maydens most vnfitting.
And so thinke I, with a downe downe derrie.

FINIS.

Ignoto.¶ Apollos *Loue-Song for faire Daphne.*

MY hart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceaued,
The eldest was my hart, borne dumbe by destinie:
The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued,
Yet strung and tun'd, to play harts harmonie.
Both knit in one, and yet a-sunder placed.
What hart would speake, the tongue dooth still discover:
What tongue dooth speake, is of the hart embraced,
And both are one, to make a new-found Louer.
New-found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
Whose words are deedes, but deedes nor words regarded:
Chast thoughts doo mount, and flie with swiftest wings,
My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.
Engraued vpon this tree *Daphnes* perfection:
That neither men nor Gods can force affection.

*This Dittie was sung before her Maiestie, at the right
honourable the Lord Chandos, at Sudley Castell, at
her last being there in prograce. The Author there-
of unknowne.*

¶ *The Sheepheard Delicius his Dittie.*

NEuer a greater foe did Loue disdaine,
 Or trode on grasse so gay,
 Nor Nymph greene leaues with whiter hand hath rent,
 More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
 Nor fairer Dame hath bound in white attire,
 Or hath in Lawne more gracious features tied,
 Then my sweete Enemye.

Beautie and chāstitie one place refraine,
 In her beare equall sway:
 Filling the world with wonder and content.
 But they doo giue me paine and double woe,
 Since loue and beautie kindled my desire,
 And cruell chāstitie from me denied
 All sence of iollitie.

There is no Rose, nor Lillie after raine,
 Nor flower in moneth of May,
 Nor pleasant meade, nor greene in Sommer sent,
 That seeing them, my minde delighteth so,
 As that faire flower which all the heauens admire,
 Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
 All grace and gifts on hie.

Me thinks my heauenly Nymph I see againe
 Her neck and breast display:
 Seeing the whitest Ermine to frequent
 Some plaine, or flowers that make the fairest show.
 O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,
 Or farre, in shade, or Sunne, that satisfied
 I was in passing by.

The Meade, the Mount, the Riuer, Wood, and Plaine,
 With all their braue array,
 Yeeld not such sweete, as that faire face that's bent

Sorrows and ioy in each soule to bestow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire:
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
to blind each humane eye.

Each mind and will, which wicked vice dooth staine,
her vertues breake and stay:
All ayres infect by fire are purg'd and spent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that so braue a soule doo'st hire,
And blessed soule, whose vertues ever pried
about the starrie skie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
my soule sings many a Lay:
Musing on her, new Seas I doo inuent
Of soueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deserts for her sake I doo require,
For without her, the Springs of ioy are dried
and that I doo defie.

Sweete Fate, that to a noble deede doo'st straine,
and lift my hart to day:
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweete seale, sweete greefe, and sweetest ouerthrowe,
Sweete miracle, whose fame cannot expire,
Sweete wound, and golden shaft, that so espied
such heauenly companie
Of beauties graces in sweete vertues died,
As like were neuer in such yeares descried.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Amintas for his Phillis.

AVrora now began to rise againe,
 From watry couch, and from old Tithons side:
 In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine,
 Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
 On Easterne coast, she cast so great a light,
 That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
 From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
 To light the world againe with heauenly fire.

No sooner gan his winged Steedes to chase
 The Sigious night, mantled with duskie vale:
 But poore Amintas hasteth him a pace,
 In deserts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.
 You silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
 As birds, or beasts, or wormes that creepe on ground:
 Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin
 To rue the greefe of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light,
 Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side:
 And while I die for want of my delight,
 Lament the woes through fancie me betide.
 Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
 My cause of loue, and shipwrack of my ioyes,
 Phillis is gone that set my hart on fire,
 That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.

Phillis is fled, and bides I wote not where,
 Phillis (alas) the praise of woman-kinde:
 Phillis the Sunne of this our Hemisphere,
 Whose beames made me, and many others blinde.
 But blinded me (poore Swaine) aboue the rest,
 That like olde Oedipus I liue in thrall:
 Still feele the woorst, and neuer hope the best,
 My mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.

Her

*Her faire, but cruell eyes, bewitcht my sight,
 Her sweete, but fading speech entbrall'd my thought:
 And in her deedes I reaped such delight,
 As brought both will and libertie to nought.
 Therefore all hope of happines adiew,
 Adiew desire the source of all my care:
 Despaire tells me, my weale will nere renue,
 Till thus my soule dooth passe in Charons Crare.*

*Meane time my minde must suffer Fortunes scorne,
 My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are greene:
 My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
 My life decayes, although my death's fore-seene.
 Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but Seas of teares,
 Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest:
 Where loue did place desire, twixt hope and feares,
 (I say) desire, the Authour of vnrest.*

*And would to God, Phillis where ere thou be,
 Thy soule did see the sower of mine estate:
 My ioyes ecclips'd, for onely want of thee
 My being with my selfe at foule debate.
 My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe,
 My sobs and sighs, and euer-watching eyes:
 My plaintiue teares, my wandring to and fro,
 My will to die, my neuer-ceasing cries.*

*No doubt but then these sorrowes would perswade,
 The doome of death, to cut my vitall twist:
 That I with thee amidst th' infernall shade,
 And thou with me might sport vs as we list.
 Oh if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine,
 And hearest Orpheus neere th' Elizian springs:
 Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
 And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.*

F I N I S.

Tho. Watson.

¶ *Faustus and Firmius sing to their Nymph by turnes.*

Firmius. **O**F mine owne selfe I doo complaine,
 And not for louing thee so much,
 But that in deede thy power is such:
 That my true loue it dooth reſtraine,
 And onely this dooth giue me paine,
 For faine I would
 Loue her more, if that I could.

Faustus. Thou doo'st deſerue who dooth not ſee,
 To be belou'd a great deale more:
 But yet thou ſhalt not finde ſuch ſtore
 Of loue in others as in me:
 For all I haue I giue to thee.
 Yet faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Firmius. O trie no other Sheepheard Swaine,
 And care not other loues to proue,
 Who though they giue thee all their loue:
 Thou canſt not ſuch as mine obtaine.
 And wouldſt thou haue in loue more gaine?
 O yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. Impoſſible it is (my friend)
 That any one ſhould me excell
 In loue, whoſe loue I will reſell,
 If that with me he will contend:
 My loue no equall hath, nor end.
 And yet I would
 Loue her more, if that I could.

Firmius. Behold how Loue my ſoule hath charm'd,
 Since firſt thy beauties I did ſee,
 (Which is but little yet to me,)
 R. My

ENGLANDS HELICON.

My freest sences I haue harm'd
 (To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd:
 And yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. I euer gaue, and giue thee still
 Such store of loue, as Loue hath lent me:
 And therefore well thou maist content thee,
 That Loue dooth so enrich my fill:
 But now behold my cheefest will,
 That faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Sireno a Sheepheard, hauing a lock of his faire Nimphe haire, wrapt about with greene silke, mournes thus in a Loue-Dittie.*

WHat changes heere, ô haire,
 I see since I saw you?
 How ill fits you this greene to weare,
 For hope the colour due?

In deede I well did hope,
 Though hope were mixt with feare:
 No other Sheepheard should haue scope
 Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire, how many dayes,
 My *Dian* made me show,
 With thousand prettie childish playes,
 If I ware you or no?
 Alas, how oft with teares,
 (Oh teares of guilefull brest:)
 She seemed full of ieaious feares,
 Whereat I did but iest?

Tell

Tell me ô haire of gold,
 If I then faultie be:
 That trust those killing eyes I would,
 Since they did warrant me?
 Haue you not seene her moode,
 What streames of teares she spent:
 Till that I sware my faith so stooode,
 As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene,
 In one that changeth so?
 Or where one loues, so constant beene,
 Who euer saw such woe?
 Ah haire, you are not greeu'd,
 To come from whence you be:
 Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,
 To see me as you see.

On sandie banke of late,
 I saw this woman sit:
 Where, *Sooner die then change my state,*
 She with her finger writ.
 Thus my beleefe was stay'd,
 Behold Loues mighty hand,
 On things, were by a woman say'd,
 And written in the sand.

*Translated by S. Phil. Sidney, out of Diana of
 Montmaior.*

¶ *A Song betweene Taurisius and Diana, aunswering verse
 for verse.*

Taurisius. **T**He cause why that thou doo'st denie
 To looke on me, sweete foe impart?
Diana. Because that dooth not please the eye,
 Which dooth offend and greeue the hart.

R. 2.

Taurisius.

- Taurisius.* What woman is, or euer was,
That when she looketh, could be mou'd?
- Diana.* She that resolues her life to passe,
Neyther to loue, nor to be lou'd.
- Taurisius.* There is no hart so fierce and hard
That can so much torment a soule:
- Diana.* Nor Sheepheard of so small regard,
That reason will so much controule.
- Taurisius.* How falls it out Loue dooth not kill
Thy crueltie with some remorse?
- Diana.* Because that Loue is but a will,
And free-will dooth admit no force.
- Taurisius.* Behold what reason now thou hast,
To remedie my louing smart:
- Diana.* The very same bindes me as fast,
To keepe such daunger from my hart.
- Taurisius.* Why doo'st thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beautie keepe?
- Diana.* Because thou call'st me still vnkinde,
And pittillesse when thou doo'st weepe.
- Taurisius.* Is it because thy crueltie
In killing me doth neuer end?
- Diana.* Nay, for because I meane thereby,
My hart from sorrow to defend.
- Taurisius.* Be bold so foule I am no way
As thou doo'st think, faire Sheephardesse:
- Diana.* With this content thee, that I say,
That I beleeeue the same no lesse.
- Taurisius.* What, after giuing me such store
Of passions, doo'st thou mock me too?
- Diana.* If aunsweres thou wilt any more.
Goe seeke them without more adoo.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Another Song before her Maieſtie at Oxford, ſung by a comely Sheep-
heard, attended on by ſundrie other Sheepheards
and Nymphs.*

H Earbs, words, and Stones, all maladies haue cured,
 Hearbs, words, and Stones, I vsed when I loued:
 Hearbs smells, words winde, Stones hardnes haue procured,
 By Stones, nor words, nor hearbs her mind was moued.
 I ask' d the cause: this was a womans reason,
 Mongst hearbs are weedes, and thereby are refused:
 Deceite as well as trueth speakes words in season,
 False Stones by foiles haue many one abused.
 I sigh' d, and then she sayd, my fancie smoaked,
 I gaz' d, she sayd, my lookes were follies glauncing:
 I sounded dead, she sayd, my loue was choaked,
 I started vp, she sayd, my thoughts were dauncing.
 Oh sacred Loue, if thou haue any Godhead:
 Teach other rules to winne a maydenhead.

FINIS.

Anonimus.

¶ *The Sheepheards Song: a Caroll or Himne for Christmas.*

S Weete Musique, sweeter farre
 Then any Song is sweete:
 Sweete Musique heauenly rare,
 Mine eares (ô peeres) dooth greete.
 You gentle flocks, whose fleeces pearl'd with dewe,
 Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright:
 Listen, ô listen, now, ô not to you
 Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night,
 But voyces most diuine,
 Make blisfull Harmonie:
 Voyces that seeme to shine,
 For what else cleares the skie?

R. 3.

Tunes

Tunes can we heare, but not the Singers see:
The tunes diuine, and so the Singers be.

Loe how the firmament,
Within an azure fold:
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their Christalls such reflection giue:
What then dooth make the Element so bright?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.
But harken to the Song,
Glorie to glories King:
And peace all men among,
These Queristers doo sing.
Angels they are, as also (Sheepheards) hee,
Whom in our feare we doo admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde
Your soules (said he) annoy:
To you and all mankinde,
My message bringeth ioy.
For loe the worlds great Sheepheard now is borne
A blessed Babe, an Infant full of power:
After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
Renowning *Betlem* in the Sauour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By Prophets seen a farre:
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
Which Winter cannot marre.
In *Dauids* Cittie dooth this Sunne appeare:
Clouded in flesh, yet Sheepheards sit we heere.

FINIS.

E. B.

¶ *Arsileus his Caroll, for ioy of the new mariage, betweene
Syrenus and Diana.*

L Et now each Meade with flowers be depainted,
Of sundry colours sweetest odours glowing:
Roses yeeld foorth your smells so finely tainted,
Calme winds the greene leaues mooue with gentle blowing,
The Christall Riuers flowing
With waters be encreased:
And since each one from sorrow now hath ceased,
From mournfull plaints and sadnes.
Ringfoorth faireNimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Let Springs and Meades all kinde of sorrow banish,
And mournfull harts the teares that they are bleeding:
Let gloomie cloudes with shining morning vanish,
Let euery bird reioyce that now is breeding.
And since by new proceeding,
With mariage now obtained,
A great content by great contempt is gained,
And you deuoyd of sadnes,
Ringfoorth faireNimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Who can make vs to change our firme desires,
And soule to leaue her strong determination,
And make vs freeze in Ice, and melt in fires,
And nicest harts to loue with emulation,
Who rids vs from vexation,
And all our minds commaundeth?
But great *Felicia*, that his might withstandeth,
That fill'd our harts with sadnes,
Ringfoorth faireNimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Your fields with their distilling fauours cumber
(Bridegroome and happy Bride) each heauenly power
Your flocks, with double Lambs encreas'd in number,
May neuer tast vnsauorie grasse and sower.

The

The Winters frost and shower
 Your Kids (your pretie pleasure)
 May neuer hurt, and blest with so much treasure,
 To driue away all sadnes:
 Ringfoorth faireNimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Of that sweete ioy delight you with such measure,
 Betweene you both faire issue to engender:
 Longer then *Nestor* may you liue in pleasure,
 The Gods to you such sweete content surrender,
 That may make mild and tender,
 The beasts in euery mountaine,
 And glad the fields, and woods, and euery Fountaine,
 Abiuring former sadnes,
 Ringfoorth faireNimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Let amorous birds with sweetest notes delight you,
 Let gentle winds refresh you with their blowing:
 Let fields and Forrests with their good requite you,
 And *Flora* decke the ground where you are going.
 Roses and Violets strowing,
 The Iasmine and the Gilliflower,
 With many more, and neuer in your bower,
 To tast of houshold sadnes:
 Ringfoorth faireNimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Concord and peace hold you for aye contented,
 And in your ioyfull state liue you so quiet:
 That with the plague of ieaousie tormented
 You may not be, nor fed with Fortunes diet.
 And that your names may flie yet,
 To hills vnknowne with glorie.
 But now because my breast so hoarce, and sorrie
 It faints, may rest from singing:
 End Nimphs your songs, that in the clouds are ringing.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

He musique playes if I but sing,
 He lends me euery louely thing,
 Yet cruell he my hart dooth sting.
 Whist wanton, still ye.

Else I with Roses euery day
 will whip ye hence:
 And binde ye when ye long to play,
 for your offence.
 Ile shut mine eyes to keepe ye in,
 Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
 Ile count your power not woorth a pin.
 Alas, what heereby shall I winne
 If he gaine-say me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
 with many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 because a God.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosome be:
 Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O *Cupid*, so thou pittie me,
 Spare not, but play thee.

F I N I S.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ *A Dialogue Song betweene Syluanus and Arsilius.*

Syl. **S**heepheard, why doo'st thou hold thy peace?
 Sing, and thy ioy to vs report:
Arsil. My ioy good (Sheepheard) should be lesse,
 If it were told in any sort.
Syl. Though such great fauours thou doo'st winne,
 Yet daigne thereof to tell some part:
Arsil. The hardest thing is to begin,
 In enterprizes of such Art.

Syl. Come

- Syl.* Come make an end, no cause omit,
Of all the ioyes that thou art in:
- Arsil.* How should I make an end of it,
That am not able to begin?
- Syl.* It is not iust, we should consent,
That thou should'st not thy ioyes recite:
- Arsil.* The soule that felt the punishment,
Dooth onely feele this great delight.
- Syl.* That ioy is small, and nothing fine,
That is not told abroad to manie:
- Arsil.* If it be such a ioy as mine,
It can be neuer told to anie.
- Syl.* How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of such great force?
- Arsil.* I haue it, where I did retaine
My passions of so great remorse.
- Syl.* So great and rare a ioy is this,
No man is able to with-hold:
- Arsil.* But greater that a pleasure is,
The lesse it may with words be told.
- Syl.* Yet haue I heard thee heeretofore,
Thy ioyes in open Songs report:
- Arsil.* I said, I had of ioy some store,
But not how much, nor in what sort.
- Syl.* Yet when a ioy is in excesse,
It selfe it will oft-times vnfold:
- Arsil.* Nay, such a ioy would be the lesse,
If but a word thereof were told.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Montanus Sonnet.

When the dogge
Full of rage
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidst the skies:

S. 2

The

The Sheepheard to assuage
The furie of the heate,
Him selfe dooth safely seate
 By a Fount
 Full of faire,
 Where a gentle breath
 Mounting from beneath,
 tempereth the ayre.
There his flocks
Drinke their fill,
 And with ease repose,
 While sweet sleepe doth close
Eyes from toyling ill,
But I burne,
Without rest,
 No defensiuue power
 Shields from *Phæbus* lower,
 sorrow is my best.
Gentle Loue
Lower no more,
 If thou wilt inuade
 In the secret shade,
Labour not so sore,
I my selfe
And my flocks,
 They their Loue to please,
 I my selfe to ease,
Both leaue the shadie Oakes,
 Content to burne in fire,
 Sith Loue dooth so desire.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

¶ *The Nymph Seluagia her Song.*

S Heepheard, who can passe such wrong,
 And a life in woes so deepe?
 Which to liue is to too long,
 As it is too short to weepe.

Greeuous sighs in vaine I wast,
 Leasing my affiance, and
 I perceauē my hope at last
 with a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
 bitter hopes, that neuer sleepe?
 When this life is to too long,
 as it is too short to weepe.

This greefe which I feele so rife,
 (wretch) I doo deserue as hire:
 Since I came to put my life
 in the hands of my desire.

Then cease not my complaints so strong,
 for (though life her course dooth keepe:)
 It is not to liue so long,
 as it is too short to weepe.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.¶ *The Heard-mans happie life.*

W Hat pleasure have great Princes,
 more daintie to their choice,
 Then Heardmen wilde, who carelesse,
 in quiet life reioyce?

S. 3.

And

And Fortunes Fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull
are voide of all deceite:
They neuer know how spightfull,
it is to kneele and waite;
On fauourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptuous.

All day theyr flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their rest:
More quiet then who sendeth
his ship into the East;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For Lawyers and their pleading,
they'steeme it not a straw:
They thinke that honest meaning,
is of it selfe a law;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no money vainely.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold:
With cloathing which suffiseth,
to keepe him from the cold.
Though poore and plaine his diet:
Yet merrie it is and quiet.

FINIS. *Out of M. Birds set Songs.*

¶ *Cinthia the Nymph, her Song to faire Polydora.*

NEere to the Riuer banks, with greene
 And pleasant trees on euery side,
 Where freest minds would most haue beene,
 That neuer felt braue *Cupids* pride,
 To passe the day and tedious howers:
 Amongst those painted meades and flowers.

A certaine Sheepheard full of woe,
Syrenus call'd, his flocks did feede:
 Not sorrowfull in outward show,
 But troubled with such greefe indeede,
 As cruell Loue is wont t'impart
 Vnto a painefull louing hart.

This Sheepheard euery day did die,
 For loue he to *Diana* bare:
 A Sheephardesse so fine perdie,
 So liuely, young, and passing faire,
 Excelling more in beauties feature:
 Then any other humane creature.

Who had not any thing, of all
 She had, but was extreame in her,
 For meanelly wise none might her call,
 Nor meanelly faire, for he did erre
 If so he did: but should deuise
 Her name of passing faire and wise.

Fauours on him she did bestow,
 Which if she had not, then be sure
 He might have suffered all that woe
 Which afterward he did endure
 When he was gone, with lesser paine:
 And at his comming home againe.

For

For when indeede the hart is free
 From suffering paine or torments smart:
 If wisdoms dooth not ouer-see
 And beareth not the greatest part;
 The smallest greefe and care of minde:
 Dooth make it captiue to their kinde.

Neere to a Riuer swift and great,
 That famous *Ezla* had to name:
 The carefull Sheeheard did repeate
 The feares he had by absence blame,
 Which he suspect where he did keepe:
 And feede his gentle Lambs and Sheepe.

And now sometimes he did behold
 His Sheeheardesse, that there about
 Was on the mountaines of that old
 And auncient *Leon*, seeking out
 From place to place the pastures best:
 Her Lambs to feede, her selfe to rest.

And sometime musing, as he lay,
 When on those hills she was not seene:
 Was thinking of that happie day,
 When *Cupid* gaue him such a Queene
 Of beautie, and such cause of ioy:
 Wherein his minde he did imploy.

Yet sayd (poore man) when he did see
 Him selfe so sunke in sorrowes pit:
 The good that Loue hath giuen me,
 I onely doo imagine it,
 Because this neereſt harme and trouble:
 Heereafter I should suffer double.

The Sunne for that it did decline,
 The carelesse man did not offend
 With fierie beames, which scarce did shine,

But

But that which did of loue depend,
 And in his hart did kindle fire:
 Of greater flames and hote desire.

Him did his passions all inuite,
 The greene leaues blowne with gentle winde:
 Christaline streames with their delight,
 And Nightingales were not behinde,
 To helpe him in his louing verse:
 Which to himselfe he did rehearse.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *The Sheepheard to the flowers.*

Sweete Violets (*Loues Paradise*) that spread
 Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
 Within your palie faces.
 Vpon the gentle wing of some calme-breathing-winde
 That playes amidst the Plaine,
 If by the fauour of propitious starres you gaine
 Such grace as in my Ladies bosome place to finde:
 Be proude to touch those places.
 And when her warmth your moisture forth dooth weare,
 Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed:
 Your honours of the flowrie Meades I pray
 You prettie daughters of the earth and Sunne:
 With mild and seemely breathing strait display
 My bitter sighs, that haue my hart vndone.

Vermillion Roses, that with new dayes rise
 Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
 Whose radiant bright, disgraces
 The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne,
 As if her Virgins hand
 Doo pluck your pure, ere Phœbus view the land,
 T. And

*And vaile your gracious pompe in louely Natures scorne.
 If chaunce my Mistres traces
 Fast by your flowers to take the Sommers ayre:
 Then wofull blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
 To spread their teares, Adonis death reporting,
 And tell Loues torments, sorrowing for her friend:
 Whose drops of blood within your leaues consorting,
 Report faire Venus moanes to haue no end.
 Then may remorse, in pittying of my smart:
 Drie vp my teares, and dwell within her hart.*

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ *The Sheepheard Arsilius, his Song to his Rebeck.*

NOW Loue and Fortune turne to me againe,
 And now each one enforceth and assures
 A hope, that was dismayed, dead, and vaine:
 And from the harbour of mishaps assures
 A hart that is consum'd in burning fire,
 With vnexpected gladnes, that adiures
 My soule to lay a-side her mourning tire,
 And sences to prepare a place for ioy,
 Care in obliuion endlesse shall expire.
 For euery greefe of that extreame annoy,
 Which when my torment raign'd, my soule (alas)
 Did feele, the which long absence did destroy,
 Fortune so well appayes, that neuer was
 So great the torment of my passed ill:
 As is the ioy of this same good I passe.
 Returne my hart, sursaulted with the fill
 Of thousand great vnrests, and thousand feares:
 Enioy thy good estate, if that thou will,
 And wearied eyes, leaue off your burning teares,
 For soone you shall behold her with delight,
 For whom my spoiles with glorie *Cupid* beares.
Sences

Sences which seeke my starre so cleare and bright,
 By making heere and there your thoughts eſtray:
 Tell me, what will you feele before her ſight?
 Hence ſolitarinneſſe, torments away,
 Felt for her ſake, and wearied members caſt
 Of all your paine, redeem'd this happie day.
 O ſtay not time, but paſſe with ſpeedie haſt,
 And Fortune hinder not her comming now,
 O God, betides me yet this greefe at laſt?
 Come my ſweete Sheepeheardeſſe, the life which thou
 (Perhaps) didſt thinke was ended long agoe,
 At thy commaund is readie ſtill to bow.
 Comes not my Sheepeheardeſſe deſired ſo?
 O God, what if ſhe's loſt, or if ſhe ſtray
 Within this wood, where trees ſo thick doogrow?
 Or if this Nymph that lately went away,
 Perhaps forgot to goe and ſeeke her out:
 No, no, in (her) obliuion neuer lay.
 Thou onely art my Sheepeheardeſſe, about
 Whose thoughts my ſoule ſhall find her ioy and reſt:
 Why comm'ſt not then to aſſure it from doubt?
 O ſeeſt thou not the Sunne paſſe to the Weſt?
 And if it paſſe, and I behold thee not:
 Then I my wonted torments will requeſt
 And thou ſhalt waile my hard and heauie lot.

F I N I S.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Another of Aſtrophell to his Stella.*

I N a Groaue moſt rich of ſhade,
 Where birds wanton muſique made;
 May, then young, his pyed weedes ſhowing,
 New perfum'd, with flowers freſh growing.
Aſtrophell with *Stella* ſweete,
 Did for mutuall comfort meete

T. 2.

Both

Both within them-selues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoake bare:
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoake did vanish.
Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares them-selues did smile.
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt,
Sighs of woes, were glad sighs mixt,
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.
Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake,
Loue did set his lips a-sunder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.
Stella, Soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, Loadstarre of desire.

Stella, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of *Cupids* skies,
Whose beames where they once are darted,
Loue there-with is straite imparted.
Stella, whose voyce when it speakes,
Sences all a-sunder breakes.
Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each Character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Saue thy minde, which it surpasseth.

Graunt, ô graunt: but speech alas

Failes me, fearing on to passe.

Graunt, ô me, what am I saying?

But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt (ô deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)

That not I, but since I loue you,

Time and place for me may mooue you.

Neuer season was more fit,

Neuer roome more apt for it.

Smiling ayre alowes my reason.

The birds sing, now vse the season.

This small winde, which so sweete is,

See how it the leaues dooth kisse,

Each tree in his best attyring

Sence of loue to loue inspiring.

Loue makes earth the water drinke,

Loue to earth makes water sinke:

And if dumbe things be so wittie,

Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine.

But her hands, his hands repelling:

Gaue repulse, all grace excelling.

Then she spake; her speech was such,

As not eares, but hart did touch:

While such wise she loue denied,

As yet loue she signified.

Astrophell, said she, my Loue,

Cease in these effects to proue.

Now be still, yet still beleue me,

Thy greefe more then death dooth greeue me.

If that any thought in me,

Can tast comfort but of thee,

Let me feede with hellish anguish,

Ioylesse, helplesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praised, be

Halfe so deere as you to me:

Let me home returne starke blinded
 Of those eyes, and blinder minded.
 If to secret of my hart
 I doo any wish impart:
 Where thou art not formost placed;
 Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say
 All my blisse on thee I lay.
 If thou loue, my loue content thee,
 For all loue, all faith is meant thee.
 Trust me, while I thee denie,
 In my selfe the smart I trie.
 Tirant, honour dooth thus vse thee,
Stellaes selfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore (deere) this no more moue,
 Least, though I leaue not thy loue,
 Which too deepe in me is framed:
 I should blush when thou art named.
 There-with-all, away she went,
 Leauing him to passion rent:
 With what she had done and spoken,
 That there-with my Song is broken.

F I N I S.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ Syrenus *bis* Song to Dianaes Flocks.

PAssed contents,
 Oh what meane ye?
 Forsake me now, and doo not wearie me.
 Wilt thou heare me ô memorie,
 My pleasant dayes, and nights againe,
 I haue appai'd with seauuen-fold paine.
 Thou hast no more to aske me why,
 For when I went, they all did die
 As thou doo'st see:
 O leaue me then, and doo not wearie me.

Greene

Greene field, and shadowed valley, where
Sometime my chiefeſt pleaſure was,
Behold what I did after paſſe.
Then let me reſt, and if I beare
Not with good cauſe continuall feare:
Now doo you ſee,
O leaue me then, and doo not trouble me.

I ſaw a hart changed of late,
And wearied to aſſure mine:
Then I was forced to recure mine
By good occaſion, time, and fate,
My thoughts that now ſuch paſſions hate
O what meane ye?
Forsake me now, and doo not wearie me.
You Lambs and Sheepe that in theſe Layes,
Did ſometime follow me ſo glad:
The merrie houres, and the ſad
Are paſſed now, with all thoſe dayes.
Make not ſuch mirth and wunted playes
As once did ye.
For now no more, you haue deceaued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
Or come to comfort me in deede:
I haue no ill for comforts neede.
But if to kill me: Then (in ſome)
Now my ioyes are dead and dombe,
Full well may ye
Kill me, and you ſhall make an end of me.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *To Amarillis.*

THough *Amarillis* daunce in greene,
 Like Faerie Queene,
 And sing full cleere,
 With smiling cheere.

Yet since her eyes make hart so sore,
 hey hoe, chill loue no more.

My Sheepe are lost for want of foode
 And I so wood
 That all the day:

I sit and watch a Heard-mayde gay
 Who laughs to see me sigh so sore:
 hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
 Is such delight,
 That all in vaine:

I loue to like, and loose my gaine,
 For her that thanks me not therefore,
 hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
 And cause of woes,
 Your sweet desire

Breedes flames of yce, and freeze in fire.
 You scorne to see me weepe so sore:
 hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Loue ye who list, I force him not,
 Sith God it wot
 The more I waile:

The lesse my sighs and teares preuaile.
 What shall I doo, but say therefore,
 hey hoe, chill loue no more?

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ *Cardenia the Nymph, to her false Sheepheard Faustus.*

F*austus*, if thou wilt reade from me
 These fewe and simple lines,
 By them most clearely thou shalt see,
 How little should accounted be
 Thy faigned words and signes.
 For noting well thy deedes vnkinde,
 Sheepheard, thou must not scan:
 That euer it came to my minde,
 To praise thy faith like to the winde,
 Or for a constant man.

For this in thee shall so be found,
 As smoake blowne in the aire:
 Or like Quick-siluer turning round,
 Or as a house built on the ground
 Of sands that doo impaire.
 To firmenesse thou art contrarie,
 More slipp'rie then the Eele:
 Changing as Weather-cocke on hie,
 Or the Camelion on the die,
 Or Fortunes turning wheele.

Who would beleeeue thou wert so free,
 To blaze me thus each houre?
 My Sheephardesse, thou liu'st in me,
 My soule dooth onely dwell in thee,
 And euery vitall power.
 Pale *Atropos* my vitall string
 Shall cut, and life offend:
 The streames shall first turne to their spring,
 The world shall end, and euery thing,
 Before my loue shall end.

This loue that thou didst promise me,
 Sheepheard, where is it found?

The word and faith I had of thee,
 O tell me now, where may they be,
 Or where may they resound?
 Too soone thou did'st the tytle gaine
 Of giuer of vaine words:
 Too soone my loue thou did'st obtaine,
 Too soone thou lou'dst *Diana* in vaine,
 That nought but scornes affords.

But one thing now I will thee tell,
 That much thy pacience mooues:
 That though *Diana* dooth excell
 In beautie, yet she keepes not well
 Her faith, nor loyall prooues.
 Thou then hast chosen, each one saith,
 Thine equall, and a shrow:
 For if thou hast vndone thy faith,
 Her Loue and Louer she betrayeth,
 So like to like may goe.

If now this Sonnet which I send
 Will anger thee: Before
 Remember *Faustus* (yet my friend,)
 That if these speeches doo offend,
 Thy deedes doo hurt me more.
 Thus let each one of vs amend,
 Thou deedes, I words so spent:
 For I confesse I blame my pen,
 Doo thou as much, so in the end,
 Thy deedes thou do repent.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Of Phillida.

AS I beheld, I saw a Heardman wilde,
 with his sheepe-booke a picture fine deface:
 Which he sometime his fancie to beguile,
 had caru'd on bark of Beech in secret place.
 And with despight of most afflicted minde,
 through deepe dispaire of hart, for loue dismaid:
 He pull'd euen from the tree the carued rinde,
 and weeping sore, these wofull words he said.
 Ah Phillida, would God thy picture faire,
 I could as lightly blot out of my brest:
 Then should I not thus rage in deepe dispaire,
 and teare the thing sometime I liked best.
 But all in vaine, it booteth not God wot:
 What printed is in hart, on tree to blot.

F I N I S.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ Melisea her Song, in scorne of her Sheepheard Narcissus.

YOung Sheepheard turne a-side, and moue
 Me not to follow thee:
 For I will neither kill with loue,
 Nor loue shall not kill me.

Since I will liue, and neuer show,
 Then die not, for my loue I will not giue
 For I will neuer haue thee loue me so,
 As I doo meane to hate thee while I liue.

That since the louer so dooth porue,
 His death, as thou doo'st see:

Be bold I will not kill with loue,
Nor loue shall not kill me.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *His aunswere to the Nymphs Song.*

IF to be lou'd it thee offend,
I cannot choose but loue thee still:
And so thy greefe shall haue no end,
Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

O let me yet with greefe complaine,
since such a torment I endure:
Or else fulfill thy great disdain,
to end my life with death most sure.
For as no credite thou wilt lend,
and as my loue offends thee still:
So shall thy sorrowes have no end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

If that by knowing thee, I could
leauē off to loue thee as I doo:
Not to offend thee, then I would
leauē off to like and loue thee too.
But since all loue to thee dooth tend,
and I of force must loue thee still:
Thy greefe shall neuer haue an end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Her present aunswere againe to him.*

ME thinks thou tak'st the worser way,
 (Enamoured Sheeheard) and in vaine
 That thou wilt seeke thine own decay,
 To loue her, that dooth thee disdaine.

For thine owne selfe, thy wofull hart
 Keepe still, else art thou much to blame:
 For she to whom thou gau'st each part
 Of it, disdaines to take the same.

Follow not her that makes a play,
 And iest of all thy greefe and paines:
 And seeke not (Sheeheard) thy decay.
 To loue her that thy loue disdaines.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *His last replie.*

SInce thou to me wert so vnkinde,
 My selfe I neuer loued, for
 I could not loue him in my minde,
 Whom thou (faire Mistresse) doo'st abhorre.

If viewing thee, I sawe thee not,
 And seeing thee, I could not loue thee:
 Dying, I should not liue (God wot)
 Nor liuing, should to anger mooue thee.

But it is well that I doo finde
 My life so full of torments, for
 All kinde of ills doo fit his minde
 Whom thou (faire Mistresse) doo'st abhorre.

In thy obliuion buried now
 My death I haue before mine eyes:
 And heere to hate my selfe I vow,
 As (cruell) thou doo'st me despise.

Contented euer thou didst finde
 Me with thy scornes, though neuer (for
 To say the trueth) I ioyed in minde,
 After thou didst my love abhorre.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Philon the Sheepheard, his Song.*

WHile that the Sunne with his beames hot,
 Scorched the fruites in vale and mountaine:
Philon the Sheepheard late forgot,
 Sitting besides a Christall Fountaine:
 In shaddow of a greene Oake tree,
 Vpon his Pipe this Song plaid he.
 Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue,
 Vntrue Loue, vntrue Loue, adiew Loue:
 Your minde is light, soone lost for new loue.

So long as I was in your sight,
 I was as your hart, your soule, and treasure:
 And euermore you sob'd and sigh'd,
 Burning in flames beyond all measure.
 Three dayes endured your loue to me:
 And it was lost in other three.
 Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue. &c.

Another Sheepheard you did see,
 To whom your hart was soone enchained:
 Full soone your loue was leapt from me,
 Full soone my place he had obtained.

Soone

Soone came a third, your loue to win :

And we were out, and he was in.

Adiew Loue. &c.

Sure you haue made me passing glad,

That you your minde so soone remoued :

Before that I the leysure had,

To choose you for my best beloued.

For all my loue was past and done :

Two dayes before it was begun.

Adiew Loue. &c.

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ *Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song.*

I N dewe of Roses, steeping her louely cheekes,

Lycoris thus sate weeping.

Ah *Dorus* false, that hast my hart bereft me,

And now vnkinde hast left me.

Heare alas, oh heare me,

Aye me, aye me,

Cannot my beautie mooue thee?

Pitty, yet pittie me,

Because I loue thee.

Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee :

And this thou doo'st, and all to slay me.

Why doo then,

Kill me, and vaunt thee :

Yet my Ghoast

Still shall haunt thee.

FINIS.

Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls.

¶ *To his Flocks.*

BUrst forth my teares, assist my forward greefe,
 And shew what paine imperious loue prouokes:
 Kinde tender Lambs, lament Loues scant reliefe,
 And pine, since pensiue care my freedome yoakes,
 Ob pine, to see me pine, my tender Flocks.

*Sad pyning care, that neuer may haue peace,
 At Beauties gate, in hope of pittie knocks:
 But mercie sleepes, while deepe disdaines encrease,
 And Beautie hope in her faire bosome yoakes:
 Ob greeue to heare my greefe, my tender Flocks:*

*Like to the windes my sighs haue winged beene,
 Yet are my sighs and sutes repaide with mocks:
 I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene,
 O ruthlesse rigour, harder then the Rocks,
 That both the Sheepheard kills, and his poore Flocks.*

FINIS.

¶ *To his Loue.*

COme away, come sweet Loue,
 The golden morning breakes:
 All the earth, all the ayre,
 Of loue and pleasure speakes.
 Teach thine armes then to embrace,
 And sweet Rosie lips to kisse:
 And mixe our soules in mutuall blisse.
 Eyes were made for beauties grace,
 Viewing, ruing Loues long paine:
 Procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.

Come

Come away, come sweet Loue,
 The golden morning waſts:
 While the Sunne from his Sphere
 His fierie arrowes caſts,
 Making all the ſhadowes flie,
 Playing, ſtaying in the Groaue:
 To entertaine the ſtealth of loue.
 Thither ſweet Loue let vs hie
 Flying, dying in deſire:
 Wing'd with ſweet hopes and heauenly fire.

Come away, come ſweet Loue,
 Doo not in vaine adorne
 Beauties grace that ſhould riſe
 Like to the naked morne.
 Lillies on the Riuers ſide,
 And faire *Cyprian* flowers new blowne,
 Deſire no beauties but their owne.
 Ornament is Nurſe of pride,
 Pleaſure, meaſure, Loues delight:
 Haſt then ſweet Loue our wiſhed flight.

FINIS.

¶ *Another of his Cinthia.*

AWay with theſe ſelfe-louing-Lads,
 Whom *Cupids* arrowe neuer glads.
 Away poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe,
 In loue of them that lie and ſleepe,
 For *Cupid* is a Meadow God:
 And forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

God *Cupids* ſhaft like deſtenie,
 Dooth eyther good or ill decree.
 Deſert is borne out of his bowe,

X.

Reward

Reward vpon his feete doth goe.
 What fooles are they that haue not knowne,
 That Loue likes no lawes but his owne?

My songs they be of *Cintbias* prayse,
 I weare her Rings on Holly-dayes,
 On euery Tree I write her name,
 And euery day I reade the same.
 Where Honor, *Cupids* riual is:
 There miracles are seene of his.

If *Cintbia* craue her ring of mee,
 I blot her name out of the tree.
 If doubt doe darken things held deere:
 Then welfare nothing once a yeere.
 For many run, but one must win:
 Fooles onely hedge the Cuckoe in.

The worth that worthines should moue,
 Is loue, which is the due of loue.
 And loue as well the Sheeheard can,
 As can the mightie Noble man.
 Sweet Nymph tis true, you worthy be,
 Yet without loue, nought worth to me.

FINIS.

¶ *Another to his Cinthia.*

MY thoughts are wingde with hopes, my hopes with loue,
 Mount loue vnto the Moone in cleereſt night:
 And say, as shee doth in the heauens moue,
 On earth so waines and wexeth my delight.
 And whisper this but softly in her eares:
 Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.
 And

And you my thoughts that some mistrust doe carry,
 If for mistrust my Mistrisse doe you blame:
 Say, though you alter, yet you doe not varie,
 As shee doth change, and yet remaine the same.

 Distrust doth enter harts, but not infect,
 And loue is sweetest, seasoned with suspect.

If shee for this, with clowdes doe maske her eyes,
 And make the heauens darke with her disdain:
 With windie sighes disperse them in the skyes,
 Or with thy teares dissolue them into rayne.

 Thoughts, hopes, and loue, returne to me no more,
 Till *Cynthia* shine, as shee hath done before.

FINIS.

¶ *These three ditties were taken out of Maister
 Iohn Dowlands booke of tabletture for the Lute, the
 Authours names not there set downe, & therefore left
 to their owners.*

Montanus Sonnet in the woods.

A Las, how wander I amidst these woods,
 Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse?
 But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
 (Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
 Disarmde of reason, spoild of Natures goods,
 Without redresse to salue my heauinesse
 I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,)
 With endlesse greefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.

My silent tongue assailde by secrete feare,
 My trayterous eyes imprisond in theyr ioy:
 My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheere,

My hart enforc'd to harbour in annoy.
 My reason rob'd of power by yeelding care,
 My fond opinions, slaue to euerie ioy.
 Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way:
 Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

¶ *The Shepheards sorrow, being disdained in loue.*

MVses helpe me, sorrow swarmeth,
 Eyes are fraught with Seas of languish:
 Haplesse hope my solace harmeth,
 Mindes repast is bitter anguish.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
 Certaine trust in world vntrustie:
 Flattering hope beguileth euer,
 Wearie old, and wanton lustie.

Dawne of day beholds enthroned,
 Fortunes darling proud and dreadlesse:
 Darksome night dooth heare him moaned,
 Who before was rich and needelesse.

Rob the Spheare of lines vnited,
 Make a suddaine voide in nature:
 Force the day to be benighted,
 Reaue the cause of time and creature.

Ere the world will cease to varie,
 This I weepe for, this I sorrow:
 Muses, if you please to tarie,
 Further helpe I meane to borrow.

Courted once by Fortunes fauour,
 Compast now with Enuies curses:

All my thoughts of sorrowes sauour,
Hopes runne fleeting like the Sourses.

Aye me, wanton scorne hath maimed
All the ioyes my hart enjoyed:
Thoughts their thinking haue disclaimed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed.

Scant regard my weale hath scanted,
Looking coy, hath forc'd my lowring:
Nothing lik'd, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eyes to ceaselesse showing.

Former loue was once admired,
Present fauour is estraunged:
Loath'd the pleasure long desired,
Thus both men and thoughts are chaunged.

Louely Swaine with luckie speeding,
Once, but now no more so friended:
You my Flocks haue had in feeding,
From the morne, till day was ended.

Drink and fodder, foode and folding,
Had my Lambs and Ewes together:
I with them was still beholding,
Both in warmth and Winter weather.

Now they languish, since refused,
Ewes and Lambs are pain'd with pining:
I with Ewes and Lambs confused,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence, leaue thy Caue obscured,
Daigne a dolefull Swaine to tender:
Though disdaines I haue endured,
Yet I am no deepe offender.

Phillips Sonne can with his finger
Hide his scarre, it is so little:
Little sinne a day to linger,
Wise men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my Swaine haue turned,
Though my Sunne he neuer showeth:
Though I weepe, I am not mourned,
Though I want, no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie, loue my Muses,
Gentle silence be their couer:
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a Louer.

They shall liue with thee enclosed,
I will loath my pen and paper:
Art shall neuer be supposed,
Sloth shall quench the watching Taper.

Kisse them silence, kisse them kindly,
Though I leaue them, yet I loue them:
Though my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet a Swaine did once approue them.

I will trauaile soiles remoued,
Night and morning neuer merrie:
Thou shalt harbour that I loued,
I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchaunce the Sheeheard strayeth,
In thy walkes and shades vnhaunted:
Tell the teene my hart betrayeth,
How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ *A Pastorall Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, two Nymphes,
each aunswering other line for line.*

Fie on the sleights that men deuise,
 heigh hoe sillie sleights:
 When simple Maydes they would entice,
 Maides are yong mens chiefe delights.
 Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
 eyes like beames of burning Sunne:
 And men once caught, they soone despise,
 so are Sheepheards oft vndone.

If any young man win a maide,
 happy man is he:
 By trusting him she is betraide,
 fie vpon such treacherie.
 If Maides win young men with their guiles,
 heigh hoe guilefull greefe:
 They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
 that murder men without releefe.

I know a simple Country Hinde,
 heigh hoe sillie Swaine:
 To whom faire *Daphne* prooued kinde,
 was he not kinde to her againe?
 He vowed by *Pan* with many an oath,
 heigh hoe Sheepheards God is he:
 Yet since hath chang'd, and broke his troath,
 troth-plight broke, will plagued be.

She had deceaued many a Swaine,
 fie on false deceite:
 And plighted troath to them in vaine,
 there can be no greefe more great.
 Her measure was with measure paide,
 heigh hoe, heigh hoe equall meede:

She

She was beguil'd that had betraide,
so shall all deceauers speede.

If euery Maide were like to me,
heigh hoe hard of hart:
Both loue and louers scorn'd should be,
scorners shall be sure of smart.
If euery Maide were of my minde,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe louely sweete:
They to their Louers should prooue kinde,
kindnes is for Maydens meete.

Me thinks loue is an idle toy,
heigh hoe busie paine:
Both wit and sence it dooth annoy,
both sence & wit thereby we gaine.
Tush *Phillis* cease, be not so coy,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe coy disdain:
I know you loue a Shepheards boy,
fie that Maydens so should faine.

Well *Amarillis*, now I yeeld,
Shepheards pipe aloude:
Loue conquers both in towne and field,
like a Tirant, fierce and proude.
The euening *starre* is vp ye see,
Vesper shines, we must away:
Would euery Louer might agree,
so we end our Roundelay.

FINIS.

H. C.

The Sheepheards Antheme.

NEere to a bancke with Roses set about,
 Where prettie Turtles ioyning bill to bill:
 And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,
 Washing the foote of pleasures sacred hill.
 There little Loue sore wounded lyes,
 his bow and arrowes broken:
 Bedewde with teares from *Venus* eyes,
 Oh that it should be spoken.

Beare him my hart, slaine with her scornfull eye,
 Where sticks the arrow that poore hart did kill:
 With whose sharpe pyle, yet will him ere he die,
 About my hart to write his latest will.
 And bid him send it backe to mee,
 at instant of his dying:
 That cruell, cruell shee may see,
 my fayth and her denying.

His Hearse shall be a mournfull Cypres shade,
 And for a Chauntrie, Philomels sweet lay:
 Where prayer shall continually be made,
 By Pilgrime louers, passing by that way.
 With Nymphs and Sheepheards yeerely mone,
 his timelesse death beweeeping:
 And telling that my hart alone,
 hath his last will in keeping.

FINIS.

*Mich. Drayton.**The Countesse of Pembrookes Pastorall.*

ASheepheard and a Sheephardesse,
 sate keeping sheepe vpon the downes:
 His looks did gentle blood expresse,
 her beauty was no foode for clownes.
 Sweet louely twaine, what might you be?

Y.

Two

Two fronting hills bedect with flowers,
they chose to be each others seate:
And there they stole theyr amorous houres,
with sighes and teares, poore louers meate,
Fond Loue that feed'st thy seruants so.

Faire freend, quoth he, when shall I liue,
That am halfe dead, yet cannot die?
Can beautie such sharpe guerdon giue,
to him whose life hangs in your eye?
Beautie is milde, and will not kill.

Sweet Swaine, quoth shee, accuse not mee,
that long haue been thy humble thrall:
But blame the angry destinie,
whose kinde consent might finish all,
Vngentle Fate, to crosse true loue.

Quoth hee, let not our Parents hate,
disioyne what heauen hath linckt in one:
They may repent, and all too late
if chyldlesse they be left alone.
Father nor freend, should wrong true loue.

The Parents frowne, said shee, is death,
to children that are held in awe:
From them we drew our vitall breath,
they challenge dutie then by law,
Such dutie as kills not true loue.

They haue, quoth hee, a kinde of sway,
on these our earthly bodies heere:
But with our soules deale not they may,
the God of loue doth hold them deere.
Hee is most meet to rule true loue.

I know, said shee, tis worse then hell,
 when Parents choyse must please our eyes:
 Great hurt comes thereby, I can tell,
 forc'd loue in desperate danger dies.
 Fayre mayde, then fancie thy true loue.

If wee, quoth hee, might see the houre,
 of that sweet state which neuer ends,
 Our heauenly gree might haue the power,
 to make our Parents as deere freends.
 All rancour yeelds to soueraine loue.

Then God of loue, sayd shee, consent,
 and shew some wonder of thy power:
 Our Parents, and our owne content,
 may be confirmde by such an houre.
 Graunt greatest God to further loue.

The Fathers, who did alwayes tend,
 when thus they got theyr priuate walke,
 As happy fortune chaunc'd to send,
 vnknowne to each, heard all this talke.
 Poore soules to be so crost in loue.

Behind the hills whereon they sate,
 they lay this while and listned all:
 And were so moouèd both thereat,
 that hate in each began to fall.
 Such is the power of sacred loue.

They shewed themselues in open sight,
 poore Louers, Lord how they were mazde?
 And hand in hand the Fathers plight,
 whereat (poore harts) they gladly gazde.
 Hope now begins to further loue.

And to confirme a mutuall band,
 of loue, that at no time should cease:
 They likewise ioyned hand in hand,
 the Shepheard and the Sheeheardesse.
 Like fortune still befall true loue.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

Another of Astrophell.

THe Nightingale so soone as Aprill bringeth
 Vnto her rested sence a perfect waking:
 While late bare earth, proude of newe clothing springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorne her Song-booke making.
 And mournfully bewayling
 Her throate in tunes expresseth,
 What greefe her brest oppresseth,
 For *Tereus* force, on her chaste will preuailing.
 Oh *Philamela* faire, oh take some gladnes,
 That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes.
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Alas, shee hath no other cause of languish
 But *Tereus* loue, on her by strong hand wroken:
 Wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,
 Full woman-like complaines, her will was broken.
 But I, who daily crauing,
 Cannot haue to content mee:
 Haue more cause to lament mee,
 Sith wanting is more woe, then too much hauing.
 Oh *Philamela* faire, oh take some gladnes,
 That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes,
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *Faire Phillis and her Sheepheard.*

Sheepheard, saw you not
 my faire louely *Phillis*,
 Walking on this mountaine,
 or on yonder plaine?
 She is gone this way to *Dianaes* Fountaine,
 and hath left me wounded,
 with her high disdain.
 Aye me, she is faire,
 And without compare,
 Sorrow come and sit with me:
 Loue is full of feares,
 Loue is full of teares,
 Loue without these cannot be.
 Thus my passions paine me,
 For my loue hath slaine me,
 Gentle Sheepheard beare a part:
 Pray to *Cupids* mother,
 For I know no other
 that can helpe to ease my smart.

Sheepheard, I haue seene
 thy faire louely *Phillis*
 Where her flocks are feeding,
 by the Riuers side:
 Oh, I must admire
 she so farre exceeding
 In surpassing beautie,
 should surpasse in pride.
 But alas I finde,
 They are all vnkinde
 Beauty knowes her power too well:
 When they list, they loue,
 When they please, they moue,
 thus they turne our heauen to hell.

Y. 3.

For

For their faire eyes glauncing,
 Like to *Cupids* dauncing,
 roule about still to deceaue vs:
 With vaine hopes deluding,
 Still dispraise concludng,
 Now they loue, and now they leaue vs.

Thus I doo despaire,
 haue her I shall neuer,
 If she be so coy,
 lost is all my loue:
 But she is so faire
 I must loue her euer,
 All my paine is ioy,
 which for her I proue.
 If I should her trie,
 And she should denie
 heauie hart with woe will breake:
 Though against my will,
 Tongue thou must be still,
 for she will not heare thee speake.
 Then with sighs goe prooue her,
 Let them shew I loue her,
 gracious *Venus* be my guide:
 But though I complaine me,
 She will still disdaine me,
 beauty is so full of pride.

What though she be faire?
 speake, and feare not speeding,
 Be she nere so coy,
 yet she may be wunne:
 Vnto her repaire,
 where her Flocks are feeding,
 Sit and tick and toy
 till set be the Sunne.

Sunne then being set,
 Feare not *Vulcanes* net,
 though that *Mars* therein was caught:
 If she doo denie
 Thus to her replie
 Venus lawes she must be taught.

Then with kisses moouue her,
 That's the way to prooue her,
 thus thy *Phillis* must be wone:
 She will not forsake thee,
 But her Loue will make thee,
 When Loues duty once is done.

Happie shall I be,
 If she graunt me fauour,
 Else for loue I die
 Phillis is so faire:
 Boldly then goe see,
 thou maist quickly haue her,
 Though she should denie,
 yet doo not despaire.
 She is full of pride,
Venus be my guide,
 helpe a sillie Shepheards speede:
 Vse no such delay,
 Shepheard, goe thy way,
 venture man and doo the deede.

I will sore complaine me,
 Say that loue hath slaine thee,
 if her fauours doo not feede:
 But take no deniall,
 Stand vpon thy triall,
 spare to speake, and want of speede.

FINIS.

I. G.

¶ *The Sheepbeards Song of Venus and Adonis.*

Venus faire did ride,
 siluer Doues they drew her,
 By the pleasant lawnds
 ere the Sunne did rise:
Vestaes beautie rich
 opend wide to view her,
Philomel records
 pleasing Harmonies.
 Euery bird of spring
 cheerefully did sing,
Paphos Goddesses they salute:
 Now Loues Queene so faire,
 had of mirth no care,
 for her Sonne had made her mute.
 In her breast so tender
 He a shaft did enter,
 when her eyes beheld a boy:
Adonis was he named,
 By his Mother shamed,
 yet he now is *Venus* ioy.

Him alone she met,
 ready bound for hunting,
 Him she kindly greetes,
 and his iourney staves:
 Him she seekes to kisse
 no deuises wanting,
 Him her eyes still wooe,
 him her tongue still prayes.
 He with blushing red
 Hangeth downe the head,
 not a kisse can he afford:
 His face is turn'd away,
 Silence sayd her nay,
 still she woo'd him for a word.

Speake shee said thou fairest,
 Beautie thou impairest,
 see mee, I am pale and wan:
 Louers all adore mee,
 I for loue implore thee,
 christall teares with that downe ran.

Him heere-with shee forc'd
 to come sit downe by her,
 Shee his necke embrac'de
 gazing in his face:
 Hee like one transformd
 stird no looke to eye her
 Euery hearbe did wooe him
 growing in that place.
 Each bird with a dittie,
 prayed him for pittie
 in behalfe of beauties Queene:
 Waters gentle murmour,
 craued him to loue her,
 yet no liking could be seene.
 Boy shee sayd, looke on mee,
 Still I gaze vpon thee,
 speake I pray thee my delight:
 Coldly hee replyed,
 And in breefe denyed,
 to bestow on her a sight.

I am now too young,
 to be wunne by beauty,
 Tender are my yeeres
 I am yet a bud:
 Fayre thou art, shee said
 then it is thy dutie,
 Wert thou but a blossome
 to effect my good.
 Euery beauteous flower,
 boasteth in my power,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Byrds and beasts my lawes effect:
Mirrba thy faire mother,
 most of any other,
 did my louely hests respect.
 Be with me delighted,
 Thou shalt be requited,
 euery Nymph on thee shall tend:
 All the Gods shall loue thee,
 Man shall not reprove thee,
 Loue himselfe shall be thy freend.

Wend thee from me *Venus*,
 I am not disposed,
 Thou wring'st mee too hard,
 pre-thee let me goe:
 Fie, what a paine it is
 thus to be enclosed,
 If loue begin with labour,
 it will end in woe.
 kisse mee, I will leaue,
 heere a kisse receiue,
 a short kisse I doe it find:
 Wilt thou leaue me so?
 yet thou shalt not goe,
 breathe once more thy balmie wind.
 It smelleth of the Mirh-tree,
 That to the world did bring thee,
 neuer was perfume so sweet:
 When she had thus spoken,
 Shee gaue him a token,
 and theyr naked bosoms meet.

Now hee sayd, let's goe,
 harke, the hounds are crying,
 Grieslie Boare is vp,
 Hunts-men follow fast:
 At the name of Boare,
Venus seemed dying,

Deadly coloured pale,
 Roses ouer-cast.
 Speake sayd shee, no more,
 of following the Boare,
 thou vnfit for such a chase:
 Course the fearefull Hare,
 Venson doe not spare,
 if thou wilt yeeld *Venus* grace.
 Shun the Boare I pray thee,
 Else I still will stay thee,
 herein he vowed to please her minde,
 Then her armes enlarged,
 Loth shee him discharged,
 forth he went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phæbus Steedes
 in the West retained,
 Hunting sport was past,
 Loue her loue did seeke:
 Sight of him too soone
 gentle Queene shee gained,
 On the ground he lay
 blood had left his cheeke.
 For an orped Swine,
 smit him in the groyne,
 deadly wound his death did bring:
 Which when *Venus* found,
 shee fell in a swoond,
 and awakte, her hands did wring.
 Nymphs and Satires skipping,
 Came together tripping,
 Eccho euery cry exprest:
Venus by her power,
 Turnd him to a flower,
 which shee weareth in her creast.
 FINIS.

H. C.

¶ *Thirsis the Sheepheard his deaths song.*

T*Hirsis* to die desired,
 marking her eyes that to his hart was neereſt:
 And ſhee that with his flame no leſſe was fiered,
 ſayd to him: Oh hart's loue deereſt:
 Alas, forbear to die now,
 By thee I liue, by thee I wiſh to die too.

Thirsis that heate refrained,
 wherewith to die poore louer then hee haſted,
 Thinking it death while hee his lookes maintained,
 full fixed on her eyes, full of pleaſure,
 and louely Neſtar ſweet from them he taſted.
 His daintie Nymph, that now at hand eſpyed
 the harueſt of loues treaſure,
 Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and waſted:
 I die now,
 The Sheepheard then replied,
 and I ſweet life doe die too.

Thus theſe two Louers fortunately dyed,
 Of death ſo ſweet, ſo happy, and ſo deſired:
 That to die ſo againe their life retired.

FINIS.

*Out of Maiſter N. Young
 his Muſica Transalpina.*

¶ *Another Stanza added after.*

T*Hirsis* enioyed the graces,
 Of *Cbloris* ſweet embraces,
 Yet both theſe ioyes were ſcanted:
 For darke it was, and candle-light they wanted.
 Wherewith kinde *Cinthia* in the heauen that ſhined,
 her nightly vaile reſigned,
 and her faire face diſcloſed.
 Then each from others lookes ſuch ioy deriued:
 That both with meere delight dyed, and reuiued.

FINIS.

Out of the ſame.

¶ *Another Sonet thence taken.*

Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth
 with flowers and hearbs, which Winters frost exileth:
 Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth,
 Flora the Garlands white and red compileth:
 Fields doo reioyce, the frowning skie relenteth,
 Ioue to behold his dearest daughter smileth:
 The ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth,
 each creature now to loue him reconcileth.
 But with me wretch, the stormes of woe perseuer,
 and beaue sighs which from my hart she straineth
 That tooke the key thereof to heauen for euer,
 so that singing of birds, and spring-times flowring:
 And Ladies loue that mens affection gaineth,
 are like a Desert, and cruell beasts deuouring.

FINIS.

¶ *The Sheepheards slumber.*

IN Pescod time, when Hound to horne,
 giues eare till Buck be kild:
 And little Lads with pipes of corne,
 sate keeping beasts a field.
 I went to gather Strawberies tho,
 by Woods and Groaues full faire:
 And parcht my face with *Phæbus* so,
 in walking in the ayre.
 That downe I layde me by a streame,
 with boughs all ouer-clad:
 And there I met the straunget dreame,
 That euer Sheepheard had.
 Me thought I saw each Christmas game,
 each reuell all and some:

And euery thing that I can name,
or may in fancie come.
The substance of the sights I saw,
in silence passe they shall:
Because I lack the skill to draw,
the order of them all.
But *Venus* shall not passe my pen,
whose maydens in disdaine:
Did feed vpon the harts of men,
that *Cupids* bowe had slaine.
And that blinde boy was all in blood,
be-bath'd to the eares:
And like a Conquerour he stood,
and scorned Louers teares.
I haue (quoth he) more harts at call,
then *Cæsar* could commaund:
And like the Deare I make them fall,
that runneth o're the lawnd.
One drops downe heere, another there,
in bushes as they groane;
I bend a scornfull carelesse eare,
to heare them make their moane.
Ah Sir (quoth *Honest Meaning*) then,
thy boy-like brags I heare:
When thou hast wounded many a man,
as Hunts-man doth the Deare.
Becomes it thee to triumph so?
thy Mother wills it not:
For she had rather breake thy bowe,
then thou shouldst play the sot.
What saucie merchant speaketh now,
sayd *Venus* in her rage:
Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
I gouerne euery age?
My Sonne doth shoote no shaft in wast,
to me the boy is bound:
He neuer found a hart so chaste,
but he had power to wound,

Not so faire Goddess (quoth *Free-will*,)
in me there is a choise:
And cause I am of mine owne ill,
if I in thee reioyce.
And when I yeeld my selfe a slaue,
to thee, or to thy Sonne:
Such recompence I ought not haue,
if things be rightly done.
Why foole stept forth *Delight*, and said,
when thou art conquer'd thus:
Then loe dame *Lust*, that wanton maide,
thy Mistresse is iwus.
And *Lust* is *Cupids* darling deere,
behold her where she goes:
She creepes the milke-warme flesh so neere,
she hides her vnder close.
Where many priuie thoughts doo dwell,
a heauen heere on earth:
For they haue neuer minde of hell,
they thinke so much on mirth.
Be still *Good Meaning*, quoth *Good Sport*,
let *Cupid* triumph make:
For sure his Kingdome shall be short
if we no pleasure take.
Faire *Beautie*, and her play-faers gay,
the virgins *Vestalles* too:
Shall sit and with their fingers play,
as idle people doo,
If *Honest Meaning* fall to frowne,
and I *Good Sport* decay:
Then *Venus* glory will come downe,
and they will pine away.
Indeede (quoth *Wit*) this your deuice,
with straungenes must be wrought,
And where you see these women nice,
and looking to be sought:
With scowling browes their follies check,
and so giue them the Fig:

Let *Fancie* be no more at beck,
 when *Beautie* lookes so big.
 When *Venus* heard how they conspir'd,
 to murther women so:
 Me thought indeede the house was fier'd,
 with stormes and lightning tho.
 The thunder-bolt through windowes burst.
 and in their steps a wight:
 Which seem'd some soule or sprite accurst,
 so vgly was the sight.
 I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
 looke to your selues in hast:
 For if that men so wilfull be,
 and haue their thoughts so chaste;
 And they can tread on *Cupids* brest,
 and martch on *Venus* face:
 Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest,
 when you shall waile your case.
 With that had *Venus* all in spight,
 stir'd vp the Dames to ire:
 And *Lust* fell cold, and *Beautie* white,
 sate babling with *Desire*.
 Whose mutt'ring words I might not marke,
 much whispering there arose:
 The day did lower, the Sunne wext darke,
 away each Lady goes.
 But whether went this angry flock,
 our Lord him-selfe doth know:
 Where-with full lowdly crewe the Cock,
 and I awaked so.
 A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
 I take thereon no keepe:
 I gage my head, such toyes as this,
 dooth spring from lack of sleepe.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

IN wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise:
 For in each thing whereto my minde doth range,
 Part of my paine me seems engraue'd lies.

The Rockes which were of constant minde, the marke
 In climbing steepe, now hard refusall show:
 The shading woods seeme now my sunne to darke,
 And stately hils disdaine to looke so low.

The restfull Caues, now restlesse visions giue,
 In dales I see each way a hard assent:
 Like late mowne Meades, late cut from ioy I liue,
 Alas, sweet Brookes, doe in my teares augment.
 Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades brookes aunswere:
 Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

FINIS.

S. *Pbil. Sidney.*¶ *Of disdainfull Daphne.*

S Hall I say that I loue you,
Daphne disdainfull?
 Sore it costs as I proue you,
 louing is painfull.

Shall I say what doth greeue mee?
 Louers lament it:
Daphne will not releue mee,
 late I repent it.

Shall I dye, shall I perrish,
 through her vnkindnes?
 Loue vntaught loue to cherrish,
 sheweth his blindnes.

Shall the hills, shall the valleye,
 the fieldes the Cittie,

A a.

With

With the sound of my out-cries,
 moue her to pittie?

The deepe falls of fayre Riuers,
 and the windes turning:
 Are the true musique giuers,
 vnto my mourning.

Where my flocks daily feeding,
 pining for sorrow:
 At their maisters hart bleeding,
 shot with Loues arrow.

From her eyes to my hart-string,
 was the shaft launced:
 It made all the woods to ring,
 by which it glaunced.

When this Nimph had vsde me so,
 then she did hide her:
 Haplesse I did *Daphne* know,
 haplesse I spyed her.

Thus Turtle-like I waild me,
 for my loues loosing:
Daphnes trust thus did faile me,
 woe worth such chusing.

FINIS.

M. H. Nowell.

¶ *The passionate Sheepheard to his loue.*

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
 And we will all the pleasures proue,
 That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
 Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.

And

And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
 Seeing the Sheepheards feede theyr flocks,
 By shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
 Melodious byrds sing Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
 And a thousand fragrant poesies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
 Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
 Fayre lined slippers for the cold:
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and Iuie buds,
 With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
 And if these pleasures may thee moue,
 Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepheards Swaines shall daunce & sing,
 For thy delight each May-morning,
 If these delights thy minde may moue;
 Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

FINIS.

Chr. Marlow.

¶ *The Nymphs reply to the Sheepheard.*

IF all the world and loue were young,
 And truth in euery Sheepheards tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me moue,
 To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
 When Riuers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
 And *Philomell* becommeth dombe,
 The rest complaines of cares to come.

A a. 2.

The

The flowers doe fade, & wanton fieldes,
 To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
 A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
 Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of Roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies,
 Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten:
 In follie ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Iuie buddes,
 Thy Corall claspes and Amber studdes,
 All these in mee no meanes can moue,
 To come to thee, and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
 Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
 Then these delights my minde might moue,
 To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

FINIS.

Jgnoto.

¶ *Another of the same nature, made since.*

Come liue with mee, and be my deere,
 And we will reuell all the yeere,
 In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales:
 Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you haue the beauteous Pine,
 The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
 And all the woods to be a Skreene:
 Least *Phæbus* kisse my Sommers Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
 Ouer some Riuer in a tree,
 Where siluer sands, and pebbles sing,
 Eternall ditties with the spring.

There

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands:
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heauenly tuned throates,
Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet noates,
Which to your sences will impart,
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doues wooings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While *Flora* busie is to spread:
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorne and beautifie:
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose,
Whose nice perfections in loues play:
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice,
Your presence to Loues Paradise,

Then come with me, and be my Deare:
And we will straite begin the yeare.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ *The Wood-mans walke.*

THrough a faire Forrest as I went
vpon a Sommers day,
I met a Wood-man quaint and gent,
yet in a strange aray.
I meruail'd much at his disguise,
whom I did know so well:
But thus in tearmes both graue and wise,
his minde he gan to tell.
Friend, muse not at this fond aray,
but list a while to me:
For it hath holpe me to suruay
what I shall shew to thee.
Long liu'd I in this Forrest faire,
till wearie of my weale:
Abroade in walks I would repaire,
as now I will reueale.
My first dayes walke was to the Court,
where Beautie fed mine eyes:
Yet found I that the Courtly sport,
did maske in slie disguise.
For falshood sate in fairest looks,
and friend to friend was coy:
Court-fauour fill'd but empty bookes,
and there I found no ioy.
Desert went naked in the cold,
when crouching craft was fed:
Sweet words were cheapely bought and sold,
but none that stood in sted,
Wit was imployed for each mans owne,
plaine meaning came too short:

made me forsake the Court.
 Vnto the Citty next I went,
 in hope of better hap:
 Where liberally I launch'd and spent,
 as set on Fortunes lap.
 The little stock I had in store,
 me thought would nere be done:
 Friends flockt about me more and more,
 as quickly lost as wone.
 For when I spent, they then were kinde,
 but when my purse did faile:
 The formost man came last behinde,
 thus loue with wealth doth quaille.
 Once more for footing yet I stroue,
 although the world did frowne:
 But they before that held me vp,
 together troad me downe.
 And least once more I should arise,
 they sought my quite decay:
 Then got I into this disguise,
 and thence I stole away.
 And in my minde (me thought) I saide,
 Lord blesse me from the Cittie:
 Where simplenes is thus betraide,
 and no remorse or pittie.
 Yet would I not giue ouer so,
 but once more trie my fate:
 And to the Country then I goe,
 to liue in quiet state.
 There did appeare no subtile shoves,
 but yea and nay went smoothly:
 But Lord how Country-folks can glose,
 when they speake most soothly.
 More craft was in a buttond cap,
 and in an old wiues rayle:
 Then in my life it was my hap,
 to see on Downe or Dale.

There

There was no open forgerie,
 but vnder-handed gleaning:
 Which they call Country pollicie,
 but hath a worser meaning.
 Some good bold-face beares out the wrong,
 because he gaines thereby:
 The poore mans back is crackt ere long,
 yet there he lets him lye.
 And no degree among them all,
 but had such close intending:
 That I vpon my knees did fall,
 and prayed for their amending.
 Back to the woods I got againe,
 in minde perplexed sore:
 Where I found ease of all this paine,
 and meane to stray no more.
 There, Citty, Court, nor Country too,
 can any way annoy me:
 But as a wood-man ought to doo,
 I freely may imploy me.
 There liue I quietly alone,
 and none to trip my talke:
 Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
 think on the Wood-mans walke.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.¶ *Thirsis the Sheepheard, to his Pipe.*

Like Desert woods, with darkesome shades obscured,
 Where dreadfull beasts, where batefull horror raigneth:
 Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow payneth,

*The Trees are fatall shaft, to death inured,
 That cruell loue within my breast maintaineth,
 To whet my greefe, when as my sorrow wayneth.*

The

*The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth:
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.*

*The horrors, burning sighs by cares procured,
Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth:
To coole the heate, the helplesse hart containeth.*

*But shafts, but cares, but sighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for these paines awarded:
My faithfull loue by her might be regarded.*

FINIS.

Jgnoto.

¶ An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph.

Vertue, beauty, and speach, did strike, wound, charme,
My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His works, shoves, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might.

*Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearst, possest, my iudgement, sence, and will;
Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.*

*Then greefe, vnkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:
But ah, alas, (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.
For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quenck, ease:
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.*

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a Sheepheard
and his Nymph.*

S Hall we goe daunce the hay? The hay?
Neuer pipe could euer play
better Sheepheards Roundelay.

Shall we goe sing the Song? The Song?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong:
faire Maides hold hands all a-long.

Shall we goe learne to woo? To woo?
Neuer thought came euer too,
better deede could better doo.

Shall we goe learne to kisse? To kisse?
Neuer hart could euer misse
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at base they run, They run,
When the sport was scarce begun:
but I wakt, and all was done.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *Another of the same.*

S Ay that I should say, I loue ye?
would you say, tis but a saying?
But if Loue in prayers mooue ye?
will you not be moou'd with praying?

Think I think that Loue should know ye?
will you thinke, tis but a thinking?
But if Loue the thought doo show ye,
will ye loose your eyes with winking?

Write

Write that I doo write you blessed,
 will you write, tis but a writing?
 But if truth and Loue confesse it:
 will ye doubt the true enditing?

No, I say, and thinke, and write it,
 write, and thinke, and say your pleasure:
 Loue, and truth, and I endite it,
 you are blessed out of measure.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *The Sheepheards conceite of Prometheus.*

Prometheus, when first from heauen hie,
 He brought downe fire, ere then on earth vnseene:
 Fond of delight, a Satyre standing by,
 Gaue it a kisse, as it like sweete had beene.

Feeling forth-with the other burning power,
 Wood with the smart, with shoutes and shriking shrill:
 He sought his ease in River, field, and bower,
 But for the time his greefe went with him still.

So silly I, with that vnwonted sight,
 In humane shape, an Angell from aboue:
 Feeding mine eyes, th'impression there did light,
 That since I runne, and rest as pleaseth Loue.
 The difference is, the Satires lips, my hart:
 He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

¶ *Another of the same.*

A *Satyre once did runne away for dread,
with sound of borne, which he him-selfe did blow:
Fearing, and feared thus, from him-selfe he fled,
deeming strange euill in that he did not know.*

*Such causelesse feares, when coward minds doo take,
it makes them flie that, which they faine would haue:
As this poore beast, who did his rest forsake,
thinking not why, but how him-selfe to saue.*

*Euen thus mought I, for doubts which I conceaue
of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray:
And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue
the sweet pursute of my desired pray.*

*Better like I thy Satire, dearest Dyer:
Who burnt his lips, to kisse faire shining fier.*

F I N I S.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *The Shepheards Sunne.*

F *Aire Nymphs, sit ye heere by me,
on this flowrie greene:
While we this merrie day doo see,
some things but sildome seene.
Shepheards all, now come sit a-round,
on yond checquerd plaine:
While from the woods we heere resound,
some comfort for Loues paine.
Euery bird sits on his bowe,
As brag as he that is the best:
Then sweet Loue, reueale howe
our minds may be at rest?*

Eccboe

Eccho thus replied to mee,
 Sit vnder yonder Beechen tree,
 And there Loue shall shew thee
 how all may be redrest.

Harke, harke, harke the Nightingale,
 in her mourning lay:
 Shée tells her stories wofull tale,
 to warne yee if shée may.
 Faire maydes, take yee heede of loue,
 it is a parlous thing:
 As *Philomele* her selfe did proue,
 abused by a King.
 If Kings play false, beleeeue no men,
 That make a seemely outward show:
 But caught once, beware then,
 for then begins your woe.
 They will looke babies in your eyes,
 And speake so faire as faire may be:
 But trust them in no wise,
 example take by mee.

Fie, fie, said the Threstle-cocke,
 you are much too blame:
 For one mans fault, all men to blot,
 impayring theyr good name.
 Admit you were vsde amisse,
 by that vngentle King,
 It followes not that you for this,
 should all mens honours wring.
 There be good, and there be bad,
 And some are false, and some are true:
 As good choyse is still had
 amongst vs men, as you.
 Women haue faultes as well as wee,
 Some say for our one, they haue three.
 Then smite not, nor bite not,
 when you as faultie be.

Peace, peace, quoth Madge-Howlet then,
 sitting out of sight:
 For women are as good as men,
 and both are good alike.
 Not so, said the little Wrenne,
 difference there may be:
 The Cocke alway commaunds the Hen:
 then men shall goe for mee.
 Then Robbin-Redbreſt ſtepping in,
 Would needs take vp this tedious ſtrife,
 Proteſting, true-louing,
 In eyther lengthened life.
 If I loue you, and you loue mee,
 Can there be better harmonie?
 Thus ending, contending,
 Loue muſt the vmpiere be.

Faire Nymphs, Loue muſt be your guide,
 chaſt, vnſpotted loue:
 To ſuch as doe your thralles betyde,
 reſolu'de without remoue.
 Likewise iolly Sheeheard Swaines
 if you doe reſpect,
 The happy iſſue of your paines,
 true loue muſt you direct.
 You heare the birds contend for loue,
 The bubling ſprings do ſing ſweet loue,
 The Mountaines and Fountaines
 do Eccho nought but loue.
 Take hands then Nymphes & Sheeheard's all,
 And to this Riuer's muſiques fall
 Sing true loue, and chaſt loue
 begins our Feſtiuall.

¶ *Colin the enamoured Sheepheard, singeth this passion
of loue.*

O Gentle Loue, vngentle for thy deede,
thou makest my hart,
a bloodie marke,
With piercing shot to bleede.

Shoote soft sweete Loue, for feare thou shoote amisse,
for feare too keene,
thy arrowes beene:
And hit the hart, where my beloued is.

Too faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
shall be so blest,
among the rest:
That loue shal ceaze on her by sympathy.

Then since with Loue my prayers beare no boote,
this doth remaine,
to ease my paine,
I take the wound, and die at *Venus* foote.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

¶ *Oenones complaint in blanke verse.*

M *Elpomene* the Muse of tragicke songs,
With mournfull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
Assist a sillie Nimphe to waile her woe,
And leaue thy lustie company behind.

Thou lucklesse wreathe becomes not me to weare,
The Poplar tree for tryumph of my loue,
Then as my ioy, my pride of loue is left;
Be thou vncloathed of thy louely greene.

And

And in thy leaues my fortunes written be,
 And them some gentle winde let blow abroade,
 That all the world may see, how false of loue,
 False *Paris* hath to his *Oenone* beene.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.¶ *The Sheepheards Consort.*

HArke iollie Sheepheards,
 harke yond lustie ringing:
 How cheerefully the bells daunce,
 the whilst the Lads are springing?
 Goe we then, why sit we here delaying:
 And all yond mery wanton lasses playing?
 How gailie *Flora* leades it,
 and sweetly treads it?
 The woods and groaues they ring,
 louely resounding:
 With Ecchoes sweet rebounding.

FINIS. *Out of Ma. Morleys Madrigals.*

**ADDITIONAL POEMS FROM
ENGLANDS HELICON 1614**

An Inuective against Loue.

All is not golde that shineth bright in show,
 Not euery flowre so good, as faire, to sight,
 The deepest streames, aboue doe calmest flow,
 And strongest poisons oft the taste delight,
 The pleasant baite doth hide the harmfull hooke,
 And false deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue is the gold whose outward hew doth passe,
 Whose first beginnings goodly promise make
 Of pleasures faire, and fresh as Sommers grasse,
 Which neither Sunne can parch, nor winde can shake:
 But when the mould should in the fire be tride,
 The gold is gone, the drosse doth still abide.

Beautie the flowre, so fresh, so faire, so gay,
 So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and tast:
 As seemes it should endure, by right, for aye,
 And neuer be with any storme defast,
 But when the baleful Southerne wind doth blow,
 Gone is the glory which it erst did shew.

Loue is the streame, whose waues so calmly flow
 As might intice mens minds to wade therein:
 Loue is the poison mixt with sugar so,
 As might by outward sweetnesse liking win,
 But as the deepe ore'flowing stops thy breath,
 So poyson once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whose taste the fish deceiues,
 And makes them swallow downe the choking hooke,
 Loue is the face whose fairnesse iudgement reaues,
 And makes thee trust a false and fained looke.
 But as the hooke the foolish fish dooth kill,
 So flatt'ring lookes, the louers life doth spill.

FINIS.

Dispraise of Loue, and Louers follies.

IF Loue be life, I long to die,
 Liue they that list for me:
 And he that gaine the most thereby,
 A foole at least shall be.
 But he that feeles the sorest fits,
 Scapes with no lesse than losse of wits,
 Vnhappy life they gaine,
 Which Loue doe entertaine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
 By lying dreames in night,
 Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
 Each smile a false delight.
 If't hap their Lady pleasant seeme,
 It is for others loue they deeme:
 If voide she seeme of ioy,
 Disdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that Louers finde,
 Such is the life they leade.
 Blowne here and there with euery winde
 Like flowers in the Mead.
 Now warre, now peace, now warre againe,
 Desire, despaire, delight, disdaine,
 Though dead in midst of life,
 In peace, and yet at strife.

*FINIS.**Ignoto.**Two Pastorals, vpon three friends meeting.*

IOyne mates in mirth to me,
 Grant pleasure to our meeting:
 Let Pan our good God see,
 How gratefull is our greeting.
Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be.
Make but one minde in bodies three.

Ye Hymnes and singing skill
 Of God *Apolloes* giuing,
 Be prest our reeds to fill,
 With sound of musicke liuing.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Sweet *Orpheus* Harpe, whose sound
 The stedfast mountaines moued,
 Let here thy skill abound,
 To ioyne sweet friends beloued.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
 A happy blessed Trinitie,
 As three most ioyntly set,
 In firmest band of vnitie.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me,
 The number best beloued,
 Within my heart you be
 In friendship vnremoued.
Ioyne hands, &c.

E.D. F.G. P.S.

Giue leaue your flocks to range,
 Let vs the while be playing,
 Within the Elmy grange,
 Your flocks will not be straying.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Cause all the mirth you can,
 Since I am now come hither,
 Who neuer ioy but when
 I am with you together.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Like

Like louers doe their loue,
 So ioy I in your seeing:
 Let nothing me remoue
 From alwaies with you being.

Ioyne hands, &c.

And as the turtle Doue
 To mate with whom he liueth,
 Such comfort, feruent loue
 Of you to my heart giueth.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
 Let them be ne're asunder,
 But linkt in binding bands
 By metamorphoz'd wonder.

*So should our seuered bodies three
 As one for euer ioyned be.*

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

An Heroicall Poeme.

MY wanton Muse that whilome wont to sing,
 Faire beauties praise and Venus sweet delight,
 Of late hath chang'd the tenor of her string
 To higher tunes than serue for Cupids fight.
 Shrill Trumpets sound, sharpeswords, and Lances strong,
 Warre, bloud and death, were matter of her song.

The God of Loue by chance had heard thereof,
 That I was prou'd a rebell to his crowne,
 Fit words for warre, quoth he, with angry scoffe,
 A likely man to write of Mars his frowne.

Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,
 Whose wanton Pen can nought but loue indite.

This

This said, he whist his party-colour'd wings,
 And downe to earth he comes more swift then thought,
 Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,
 To see what change these newes of warres had wrought.
 He pries, and lookes, he ransacks euery vaine,
 Yet finds he nought, saue loue, and louers paine.

Then I that now perceiu'd his needlesse feare,
 With heauie smile began to plead my cause:
 In vaine (quoth I) this endlesse grieve I beare,
 In vaine I striue to keepe thy grievous Lawes,
 If after prooffe, so often trusty found,
 Vniust suspect condemne me as vnsound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull heart?
 Is this the hope on which my life is staide?
 Is this the ease of neuer-ceasing smart?
 Is this the price that for my paines is paide?
 Yet better serue fierce Mars in bloudie field,
 Where death, or conquest, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I seru'd, what is my pay but paine?
 Oft haue I sude, what gaine I but delay?
 My faithfull loue is quited with disdaine,
 My grieve a game, my pen is made a play.
 Yea loue that doth in other fauour finde,
 In me is counted madnesse out of kinde.

And last of all, but grievous most of all,
 Thy self, sweet loue, hath kild me with suspect:
 Could loue beleuee, that I from loue would fall?
 Is warre of force to make me loue neglect.
 No, Cupid knowes, my minde is faster set,
 Than that by warre I should my loue forget.

My Muse indeed to warre enclines her minde,
 The famous acts of worthy *Brute* to write:
 To whom the Gods this Ilands rule assignde,
 Which long he sought by Seas through Neptunes spight,
 With such conceits my busie head doth swell.
 But in my heart nought else but loue doth dwell.

And in this warre thy part is not the least,
 Here shall my Muse *Brutes* noble Loue declare:
 Here shalt thou see thy double loue increast,
 Of fairest twins that euer Lady bare:
 Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,
 His conquerd armes shall be thy triumphs light.

As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue,
 And I thy glory through the world will ring,
 So by my paines, thou wilt vouchsafe to rue,
 And kill despaire. With that he whiskt his wing.
 And bid me write, and promist wished rest,
 But sore I feare false hope will be the best.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

*The Louers absence kills me,
 her presence kills me.*

THe frozen snake, opprest with heaped snow
 By struggling hard gets out her tender head,
 And spies farre off from where she lies below
 The winter Sunne that from the North is fled.
 But all in vaine she looks vpon the light,
 Where heate is wanting to restore her might.

What

What doth it helpe a wretch in prison pent,
 Long time with biting hunger ouer-prest,
 To see without, or smell within, the sent,
 Of daintie fare for others tables drest?
 Yet Snake and pris'ner both behold the thing,
 The which (but not with sight) might comfort bring.

Such is my state, or worse if worse may be,
 My hart opprest with heauie frost of care,
 Debar'd of that which is most deere to me,
 Kild vp with cold, and pinde with euill fare,
 And yet I see the thing might yeelde reliefe,
 And yet the sight doth breed my greater grieve.

So *Thisbe* saw her Louer through the wall,
 And saw thereby she wanted that she saw,
 And so I see, and seeing want withall,
 And wanting so, vnto my death I draw.
 And so my death were twenty times my friend,
 If with this verse my hated life might end.

FINIS.

*Ignoto.**Loue the only price of loue.*

THe fairest Pearles that Northerne Seas doe breed,
 For precious stones from Easterne coasts are sold.
 Nought yields the earth that from exchange is freed,
 Gold values all, and all things value Gold.
 Where goodnes wants an equall change to make,
 There greatnesse serues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare so high a price,
 But that with mortall thing it may be bought,
 The corn of Sicill buies the Westerne spice,
 French wine of vs, of them our cloath is sought.
 No pearles, no gold, no stones, no corne, no spice.
 No cloath, no wine, of loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue, which nought can counteruaile?
 Nought saue itself, eu'n such a thing is loue.
 All worldly wealth in worth as farre doth faile,
 As lowest earth doth yeeld to heau'n aboue.
 Diuine is loue, and scorneth worldly pelfe,
 And can be bought with nothing, but with selfe.

Such is the price my louing heart would pay,
 Such is the pay thy loue doth claime as due.
 Thy due is loue, which I (poore I) assay,
 In vaine assay to quite with friendship true:
 True is my loue, and true shall euer be,
 And truest loue is farre too base for thee.

Loue but thy selfe, and loue thy self alone,
 For saue thy self, none can thy loue requite:
 All mine thou hast, but all as good as none,
 My small desart must take a lower flight.
 Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such blisse,
 Accept it for thy prisoner as it is.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

Thyrsis *praise of his Mistressse*

ON a hill that grac'd the plaine
Thyrsis sate, a comely *Swaine*,
 Comelier *Swaine* nere grac'd a hill:
 Whilst his Flocke that wandred nie
 Cropt the greene grasse busilie,
 Thus he tun'd his Oaten quill.

Ver hath made the pleasant field
 Many seu'rall odours yield,
Odors aromaticall;
 From fair *Astra's* cherrie lip,
 Sweeter smells for euer skip,
 They in pleasing passen all.

Leaue Groues now mainely ring,
 With each sweet birds sonnetting,
 Notes that make the *Ecccho's* long:
 But when *Astra* tunes her voyce,
 All the mirthfull birds reioyce,
 And are list'ning to her Song.

Fairely spreads the *Damaske Rose*,
 Whose rare mixture doth disclose
 Beauties, pensils cannot faine:
 Yet if *Astra* passe the bush,
 Roses haue been seene to blush,
 She doth all their beauties staine.

Phoebus shining bright in skie
 Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie,
 With his beames all-quickning fire:
Astra's eyes, (most sparkling ones)
 Strikes a heat in hearts of stones,
 And enflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,
Ayre is blest when she doth breath,
 Birds make happy eu'ry Groue,
 She each Bird when she doth sing;
Phoebus heate to earth doth bring,
 Shee makes Marble fall in loue.
 Those, *blessings* of the earth, we *Swaines* doe call;
Astra can *blesse* those *blessings earth* and all.

FINIS.

W. Browne.

A defiance to disdainefull Loue.

NOW haue I learn'd with much adoe at last,
 By true disdaine to kill desire,
 This was the marke at which I shot so fast,
 Vnto this height I did aspire.
 Proud Loue, now doe thy worst, and spare not,
 For thee and all thy shafts I care not.
 What hast thou left wherewith to moue my minde?
 What life to quicken dead desire?
 I count thy wordes and oathes as light as winde,
 I feele no heate in all thy fire.
 Goe change thy bow, and get a stronger,
 Goe breake thy shafts, and buy thee longer.
 In vaine thou bait'st thy hooke with beauties blaze,
 In vaine thy wanton eyes allure.
 These are but toyes, for them that loue to gaze,
 I know what harme thy lookes procure:
 Some strange conceit must be deuised,
 Or thou and all thy skill despised.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

An Epithalamium; or a Nuptiall Song, applied
to the Ceremonies of Marriage.

A Vrora's *Blush* (*the Ensigne of the Day*) Sunne rising
Hath wak't the God of Light, from Tythons bowre,
Who on our Bride, and Bride-groome doth display
His golden Beames, auspicious to this Howre.
Now busie Maydens strew sweet Flowres, Strewing
Much like our Bride in Virgin state; of Flow-
Now fresh, then prest, soone dying, ers.
The death is sweet, and must be yours,
Time goes on Croutches till that date,
Birds fledg'd must needes be flying.
Leade on whiles Phoebus Lights, and Hymens Fires,
Enflame each Heart with Zeale to Loues Desires.
 Chorus. *Io to Hymen Pæans sing*
To Hymen, and my Muses King.

Forth honour'd Groome; behold, not farre behind Going to
Your willing Bride; led by two strengthlesse Boyes; Church.
For Venus Doues, or Thred but single twin'd, Bride
May draw a Virgin, light in Marriage Ioyes: Boyes.
Vesta growes pale, her Flame expires
As yee come vnder Iunos Phane,
To offer at Ioues Shrine
The simpatbie of Hearts desires
Knitting the Knot, that doth containe
Two soules, in Gordian Twine.
The Rites are done; and now, (as 'tis the guise)
Loues Fast by Day, a Feast must solemnize.
 Chorus. *Io to Hymen; Pæans sing,*
To Hymen, and my Muses King.

Dinner. *The Board beingspread, furnish't with various Plenties;
 The Brides faire Object in the Middle plac'd;
 While she drinckes Nectar, eates Ambrosiall dainties,
 And like a Goddess is admir'd and grac'd:
 Bacchus and Ceres fill their veines;
 Each Heart begins to ope a vent;
 And now the Healths goe round;
 Their Bloods are warm'd; chear'd are their Braines
 All doe applaud their Loues Consent;
 So Loue with Cheare is crown'd.
 Let sensuall soules ioy in full Bowles, sweet Dishes;
 True Hearts, and Tongues, accord in ioyful wishes.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.*

After-Noone *Now whiles slow Howres doe feede the Times delay,*
 Musicke. *Confus'd discourse, with Musicke mixt among,
 Fills vp the semy-circle of the Day;
 Now drawes the date our Louers wish'd so long.*
 Supper. *A bounteous Hand the Board hath spred;
 Lyeus stirres so their Bloods a-new;
 All Iouiall full of cheare;*
 Sunne set. *But Phoebus see, is gone to Bed;
 Loe Hesperus appears in view,
 And twinckles in his sphere.
 Now ne plus vltra; end, as you begin;
 Yee waste good Howres; Time lost in Loue, is sin.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.*

*Breake off your Complement; Musick, be dombe.
 And pull your Cases o're your Fiddles eares;
 Cry not, a Hall, a Hall; but Chamber-roume;
 Dancing is lame; Youth's old at twentie yeares.*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

[217]

Matrons; yee know what followes next; Going to
Conduēt the shame-fac'd Bride to Bed, Bed.
(*Though to her little rest*)

Yee well can comment on the Text,
And, in Loues learning deeply read,
Aduisse, and teach the best.

Forward's the Word; Y' are all so in this Arrant;
Wiues giue the Word; their Husbands giue the Warrant.

Chorus. Io to Hymen &c.

Now droopes our Bride, and in her Virgin state, Modestie in
Seemes like Electra 'mongst the Pleyades; the Bride.
So shrinks a Mayde when her Herculean Mate
Must plucke the fruite in her Hesperides.

As she's a Bride, she glorious shines,
Like Cynthia, from the Sunnes bright Sphære,
Attraēting all mens Eyes;

But as she's Virgin, waines, and pines,
As to the Man she approacheth neere;

So Mayden glory dies.

But Virgin Beames no reall brightnesse render;
If they doe shine, in darke they shew their splendor.

Chorus. Io to Hymen &c.

Then let the darke Foyle of the Geniall Bea
Extend her brightnesse to his inward sight,
And by his sence he will be easily led
To know her vertue, by the absent light.

Youth's; take his Poynts; your wonted right; Bride
And Maydens; take your due, her Garters; Points.
Take hence the Lights; begone; Garters.

Loue calls to Armes, Duell his Fight;
Then all remoue out of his Quarters,

E e

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*And leaue them both alone:
That with substantiall beate, they may embrace,
And know Loues Essence, with his outward grace.
Chorus. Io to Hymen &c.*

*Hence Iealousie, Riual to Loues delight;
Sowe not thy seede of strife in these two Harts;
May neuer cold affect, or spleenefull spight,
Confound this Musicke of agreeing parts;
But Time (that steales the virtuall beate
Where Nature keepes the vitall fire)
(My Heart speakes in my Tongue)
Supply with Fewell Lifes chiefe seate,
Through the strong feruour of Desire:
Loue, liuing; and liue long.
And eu'n as Thunder riseth gainst the Winde;
So may yee fight with Age; and conquer Kinde.
Chorus. Io to Hymen: Pæans sing
To Hymen, and my Muses King.*

FINIS.

Christopher Brooke.

NOTES AND INDEXES

NOTES

¶In the following references the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including the titles of the poems, the authors' signatures and the word FINIS, but not, of course, the headline.

Verso of the Title-page.

THE arms, Az. a fesse between three chess rooks or, surmounted by a helm with a wing issuing out of a ducal coronet, are those of Bodenham of Hereford. They are also found on the verso of the title-page of *Bel-vedere*. A pedigree of the family by an unknown compiler is given in Harl. MS. 5799 fos. 20-23, and other variants of the arms are found in Harl. MS. 1441 fos. 30, 90, a book which belonged to Sir G. Dethick, Garter King-of-Arms, and in Harl. MS. 1421 fo. 17. Hasted in his *History of Kent* gives an incomplete pedigree of a branch of the family belonging to that county and pedigrees of both branches are given in Burke. It has not, however, been possible to identify our John Bodenham with any certainty. In John Davies of Hereford's *Humours Heau'n on Earth*: 1609, there is a dedicatory sonnet inscribed 'To my worthy and worthily beloued scholer, Thomas Bodenham, squire, and heire apparent of Sir Roger Bodenham of Rotherwas, knight of the Bathe.'

To the Reader, if indifferent.

The signature L. N. in all probability represents the transposed initials of Nicholas Ling, bookseller and publisher in London from 1580 to 1607. He edited, and wrote dedications to *Wits Commonwealth* 1597, and was for many years Michael Drayton's publisher. For the question of his share in the production of *E. H.* see Introduction.

Page 9. *The Sheepheard to his chosen Nymph.* S. Phil. Sidney.

This is the Fourth Song from Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, first published in 4to, in 1591. Variations in the text of the poems from *A. & S.* as they are printed in the first edition of that work, in *E. H.* and in the third edition of *Arcadia* 1598 are noted.

1. 5 reward] rewards *A. & S.*, *A.* 1598. 1. 11 it selfe] himselfe *A. & S.* 1. 15 yoake] knot *A. & S.* 1. 16 on] our *A. & S.* 1. 21 but] for *A. & S.* enclose] disclose *A. & S.*, *A.* 1598, *Bullen.* 1. 22 hap] heart *A. & S.* Page 10, 1. 4 folkes] foolles *A. & S.* 1. 9 he] she *A. & S.* 1. 16 let me first] first let me *A. & S.* 1. 19 striue *A. & S.*, *A.* 1598, *Bullen.* saine *E. H.* 1. 23 Take me to thee, and thee to me *A. & S.*, *E. H.* Take thee to me and me to thee *A.* 1598. 1. 25 and you doo] and doo you *A. & S.*, *A.* 1598, *Bullen.* 1. 28 to so high a fall] so high to fall *A. & S.*, *A.* 1598, *Bullen.*

Page 11. Theorello *A Sheepheards Edillion.*

E. B.

Brydges and Bullen agree in assigning the initials E. B. to Edmund

Bolton, whose name is subscribed in full to a poem on p. 24. Bolton, the author of *The Elements of Armories* 1610, was an historian and poet who in 1617 formulated a scheme for a royal academy of letters and science.

1. 5 flit,] flit *E.H.* Page 12, l. 5 Cauill; caul. Page, 13 l. 3 bride] pride *Bullen*, apparently without authority. Juno was the wife and sister of Jupiter. 1. 19 lin; cease.

Page 14. *Astrophels Loue is dead.* *Sir. Phil. Sidney.*

From the poems appended to the third edition of Sidney's *Arcadia* 1598. 'Probably written on the occasion of Stella's (Lady Penelope Devereux') marriage.' *Bullen.*

1. 25 dead,] dead *E. H.* Page 15, l. 11 Trentals; a series of thirty masses for the repose of a deceased person. richly] rightly *A.* 1598, *Bullen.* 1. 13 And] Sir *A.* 1598, *Bullen.*

Page 16. *A Palinode.* *E. B.*

Edmund Bolton. See Note to page 11 (*Theorello*).

Page 17. *Astrophell the Sheep-beard, his complaint to his flocke.*
S. Phil. Sidney.

This is the Ninth Song from *Astrophel and Stella* 1591.

1. 3 yee] you *A. & S.*, *A.* 1598. 1. 5 yee] you *A. & S.*, *A.* 1598. 1. 6 From] Fro *A.* 1598. breeding] bleeding *A. & S.* 1. 12 mischiefes] measures *A. & S.* 1. 18 fiercest] fairest *A. & S.* 1. 19 Fairest but yet cruelst euer *A. & S.* 1. 20 the heauens still blesse,] *ð* heaucens do blesse, *A.* 1598. 1. 26 cawes *A.* 1598, *Bullen.* to vs *A. & S.* by vs *E.H.* 1. 27 Towards] Toward *A.* 1598. 1. 29 serued,] serued. *E. H.*, *A. & S.* 1. 30 must] (*Muse*) *A. & S.* see,] see *E.H.* Page 18, l. 1 then dooth she] doth she then *A.* 1598. 1. 5 helplesse] hopelesse *A. & S.* 1. 13 For she knowes, if she display *A.* 1598. 1. 16 Then adiew deere flocke adiew: *A.* 1598. 1. 20 vniust] iust *A. & S.*

Page 18. *Hobbinolls Dittie in prayse of Eliza, etc.* *Edm. Spenser.*

From the fourth *Æglogue* of the *Shepherd's Calendar* 1579. Five editions of the *S.C.* were published before 1600. The readings of the first have been given, as it probably most nearly represents Spenser's text, though a later edition was used by the compiler of *E.H.*

1. 28 And you faire] Andeke you *S.C.* Page 19, l. 3 Who] Which *S.C.* 1. 9 on] of *S.C.* 1. 18 With Damaske Roses and Daffadillies set: *S.C.* 1. 22 Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face, *S.C.* 1. 25 compare.] compare *E.H.* can you well compare? *S.C.* 1. 26 and] with *S.C.* 1. 32 On] vpon *S.C.* 1. 34 maze] amaze *S.C.* Page 20, l. 12 is she] she is *S.C.* 1. 13 deadly] dayly *S.C.* 1. 16 Bellibone; Belle et bonne. 1. 23 for-swonck and for-swat; outwearied and oversweated. Page 21, l. 12 chiefe] chiefest *S.C.* 1. 19 sweet Carnasions] Coronations *S.C.* 1. 23 Paunce; pansy. 1. 24 Cheuisaunce; wallflower. 1. 28 such as] that *S.C.* 1. 33 in *S.C.* on *E.H.* Stanzas 11 and 12 are printed in the reverse order in *S.C.* Page 22, l. 2 ray:] a ray: *S.C.*

Page 22. *The Shepheards Daffadill.* *Micbaell Drayton.*

First printed in *E.H.* Subsequently reprinted as part of *The ninth*

Eglog in Drayton's *Poemes Lyrick and pastorall* (1605?) and collected *Poems* 1619.

l. 17 Which colour likes her sight, *Poems* 1619. l. 21 dresse] trim *P.L. & P.*, *Poems* 1619.
l. 23 Are] tho *P.L. & P.*, *Poems* 1619. l. 28 Yet with my flower] Yet my faire flower
P.L. & P., *Poems* 1619. l. 29 doest] didst *P.L. & P.*, *Poems* 1619. Page 23, l. 1 Yet is my
Daffadill] And yet my Daffadill *P.L. & P.* And yet my Daffadill's *Poems* 1619. l. 19
a-long she went] she went along *P.L. & P.* l. 25 loud] lowe *P.L. & P.* l. 28 flock] flocks
P.L. & P., *Poems* 1619. l. 29 Thats she alone kind Shepheards boy *P.L. & P.*, *Poems*
1619. In *P.L. & P.* and *Poems* 1619 the poem is printed as a dialogue between Gorbo and
Batte.

Page 24. *A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.*

Edmund Bolton.

See Note to page 11 (*Theorello*).

l. 13 day,] day *E.H.*

Page 25. *Melicertus Madrigale.*

Ro. Greene.

Printed under the same title in Greene's *Menaphon* 1589 (second edition 1610).

l. 7 pheare, sometimes written fere; mate. l. 17 Infuse] Insues *M.* 1589 Infudes *M*
1610. paines] paine *M.* l. 24 liue] loue *M.*

Page 26. *Olde Damons Pastorall.*

Thom. Loage.

This poem has not been found in any earlier volume than *E.H.* The four lines beginning *Golden cups* are quoted in *Englands Parnassus* (244) above the signature D. Lodge.

Page 27. *Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay.*

Edm. Spencer.

From the eighth *Æglogue* of the *Shepheardes Calender* 1579.

l. 22 Shepheards] Shepheard *S.C.* l. 29 Say; a kind of satin. Page 28, l. 2 the Chaplet]
chapelet *S.C.* l. 7 wood; mad. l. 11 rold] roude *S.C.* l. 20 my] thy *S.C.* l. 23 glis-
tering] glyttering *S.C.* Page 29, l. 2 curelesse] carelesse *S.C.* In *S.C.* the poem is
printed as a dialogue in alternate lines between Perigot and Willye.

Page 29. *Phyllida and Coridon.*

N. Breton.

First printed in *The Honorable Entertainment giueen to the Queenes Maiestie in Progresse, at Eluetham in Hampshire, by the Right Honorable the Earle of Hertford.* 1591, under the title of *The Plowmans Song*. In the third edition, also dated 1591, the title is changed to *The Three Mens Song, sung the third morning under hir Maiesties Gallerie window*. 'On Wednesday morning, about nine of the clock, as her Maiestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, there were three excellent Musitians, who, being disguised in auncient countrey attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of Coridon and Phyllida, made in three parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the Dittie, as for the aptnes of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse, after it had beene once sung, to command it againe, and highly to

grace it with her chearefull acceptance and commendation. Mr R. W. Bond in the Clarendon Press edition of Lyly's Works 1902 claimed *The Entertainement* in the main as Lyly's, but there is no external evidence in support of the claim, which has not been established. Mr Bond thought this poem was 'probably' Breton's. Apart from its ascription to him in *E.H.* there is the evidence of the Rawlinson MS. Poet. 85 fol. 3, where it is signed 'Britton.' It is included among other poems of Breton's in a manuscript belonging to the late Mr F. W. Cosens from which Grosart printed several poems in his edition of Breton's Works 1879. It was reprinted in East's *Madrigales* to 3, 4 and 5 parts 1604.

l. 28 When as] Where as *The Entertainement*.

Page 30. To Colin Cloute.

Sheepheard Tonie.

There are seven poems in *E.H.* attributed to 'Sheepheard Tonie.' The pseudonym most probably represents Antony Munday, although this cannot be absolutely established. There has been a good deal of controversy on the subject, and it is only possible here to summarize the arguments. The question has been fully dealt with in *The Library* N.S. Vol. I, No. 4, 1921, and Vol. IV, No. 1, 1923, and in *The Modern Language Review* Vol. XV, No. 4, 1920, by Miss M. St. Clare Byrne, and it is to her articles that I am principally indebted for the most recent light on the subject.

No serious claim to the authorship of the poems has been put forward on behalf of any other known writer, and although, no doubt, the general level of Munday's verse is greatly below that of 'Beautie sate bathing by a Spring,' passages from his acknowledged work can be selected, as Miss Byrne has pointed out, which would allow of the possibility of his having been the author of this famous lyric and which have points of resemblance with the 'Sheepheard Tonie' poems generally.

Webbe refers to Munday in his *Discourse of English Poetrie* 1586 as 'an earnest trauller in this arte, and in whose name I have seene very excellent workes, among which, surely, the most exquisite vaine of a witty poetickall heade is shewed in the sweete sobs of Sheephardes and Nymphes; a worke well worthy to be viewed, and to bee esteemed as very rare Poetrie.' The book to which Webbe refers has disappeared, but the passage shows that Munday wrote pastoral poetry. It also establishes the fact of his contemporary reputation and makes it likely that poems by him would be included in *E.H.*, this likelihood being increased by the fact of Munday's acquaintance with Bodenham,

whom he addresses in *Bel-vedere* as 'his loouing and approoued good friend.' Whilst, therefore, there is nothing to put Munday's claim out of court, there is the following evidence in his favour.

The poem here entitled *To Colin Cloute* is found in Book II, chap. 27, of his prose-romance *Primaleon of Greece* 1619,¹ and this fact, first discovered by Bullen, led him definitely to accept the theory that Munday was its author, an idea which he had before scouted on the ground of the mediocrity of his hitherto known verse. Dr H. Thomas has put forward the view that Munday 'incorporated into his text a popular poem of the day,' but whilst this is quite possible—he has with good reason been suspected of borrowing another's work in the case of Bk. II. of *Amadis de Gaule*, published under his name—Dr Thomas is not able to establish the fact of the theft in this instance.

Another poem in *E.H., Montana the Sheepheard*, etc., p. 109, was first printed in *Fedele and Fortunio* or *Two Italian Gentlemen*, 1585, a play—in reality a translation of Pasqualigo's *Il Fedele*—about the authorship of which there has been much discussion. Two perfect copies of this play exist. In one of them there is a dedicatory epistle addressed to M.R. and signed M.A., whilst in the other the epistle is addressed to John Heardson and signed A.M. Apart from the evidence afforded by the initials, Miss Byrne has given cogent reasons for attributing the work to Munday, although Dr E. K. Chambers has suggested that the wording of the epistle does not at first sight point to A.M. being himself the translator.

The last two lines of the second stanza of *Montana the Sheepheard* occur in a short passage printed in *Englands Parnassus* 1600 over the signature S.G. whilst four more lines of the play are there ascribed to Chapman; but the latter attribution is discredited, and *Englands Parnassus* is not, in any case, a reliable authority in these matters.

It will be seen, therefore, that although there is no one piece of evidence which establishes Munday's authorship of the 'Sheepheard Tonie' poems, there are a good many circumstances which, taken together, point very strongly to that conclusion.

The readings of the 1619 edition of *Primaleon* have been given, there being no copy of the 1596 edition in the British Museum.

1. 27 forbidden] hidden *Primaleon*. 1. 30, omitted *Primaleon*. 1. 32 when] And *Primaleon*. Page 31, l. 4 sometime] sometimes *Primaleon*. 1. 5 this] that *Primaleon*. 1. 7, omitted *Primaleon*.

¹ According to Esdaile's *List of English Tales & Romances* 1912, Book II was first printed in 1596, but I have not seen this edition.

Page 31. Rowlands *Song in praise of the fairest Beta.*

Mich. Drayton.

This poem, the only one of Drayton's in *E.H.* which was not there printed for the first time, had originally appeared in *Idea, the Shepherds Garland* 1593. Dr Hebel has pointed out, as evidence of the compiler of *E.H.* having had access to Drayton's manuscript, that the offensive reference to Roman Catholicism at the end of the 1593 version had already given place to the line found in the poem when it reappears in *Poemes Lyrick and pastorall* and *Poems* 1619, where, however, it differs throughout from the *S.G.* and *E.H.* version.

l. 10 siluer] fayre siluer *S.G.* l. 14 the Nimphs] thy Nymphes *S.G.* l. 26 ye] you *S.G.*
 Page 32, l. 1 ring,] ring *E.H.* l. 7 reward,] reward? *E.H.* l. 12 Lillies] Lillies. *E.H.*
 l. 19 leuen; lightning. l. 23 his] her *S.G.* Page 33, l. 18 And thou vnder thy feet mayst tread, that foule seuen-headed beast. *S.G.*

Page 33. *The Barginet of Antimachus.*

Thom. Lodge.

This poem of Lodge's has not been traced to any earlier source.

l. 20 Barginet; the name of a rustic dance accompanied by a song. l. 25 these] there *Bullen.*
 l. 31 Saue] Some *Bullen.*

Page 35. Menaphons *Roundelay.*

Ro. Greene.

From Greene's *Menaphon* 1589 (second edition 1610).

l. 24 his *E.H.*, *M.* 1610 her *M.* 1589.

Page 36. *A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.*

N. Breton.

From *The Arbor of Amorous Devices* etc. by *N. B. Gent.* 4to, 1597, a unique copy of which is preserved in the Capell Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge. Although *The A. of A.D.* is ascribed to Breton on the title-page, Richard Jones, the publisher, states in his address *To the Gentlemen Readers* that the book is 'many mens workes excellent Poets.' This poem is no doubt one of Breton's. I have collated it with *The A. of A.D.* as printed in Grosart's edition of Breton's Works 1879.

l. 20 That did euer eye beholde *The A. of A.D.* l. 26 that] And *The A. of A.D.* Grosart prints the following additional verse from the Cosens MS.:

Make him liue that dying longe
 Neuer durst for comfort seeke;
 Thou shalt heare so sweete a song
 Neuer sheperde soung the like.

Page 37. *Coridon and Melampus Song.*

Geo. Peele.

From a lost Pastoral by George Peele, *The Huntinge of Cupid*, licensed in 1591. Drummond, in 1609, read it and made extracts which are preserved among his MSS. at Edinburgh. Ten lines are printed in *Englands Parnassus* (979).

Page 38. Tityrus to his faire Phillis.

I.D.

Brydges suggested that I.D. stood for Sir John Davies, and 'I. Davis' is the signature given in the Davison MS., but Bullen discovered this poem and the two following, signed I.M., in a volume by John Dickenson entitled *The Shepheardes Complaint, a Passionate Eclogue, written in English hexameters: whereunto are annexed other conceits, brieflie expressing the effect of Loues impressions*, etc., 4to, c. 1595. The only known copy of the book was found at Lamport Hall. It passed to the Britwell Court collection and from thence to America in 1922.

Page 38. *Sheepheard.*

I.M.

See Note to preceding poem. The Davison MS. also assigns this poem and the next to 'I.M.'

Page 38. *Another of the same Authour.*

I.M.

See above.

Page 40. Menaphon to Pesana.

Ro. Greene.

From Greene's *Menaphon* 1589 (second edition 1610).

l. 7 ye] you *M.* l. 11 waile *E.H.*, *M.* 1610 waite *M.* 1589. l. 12 While] Whiles *M.*
l. 16 blisfull sweet] blisse full sweetes *M.* l. 17 I fond] fond I *M.* desired *M.* desired.
E.H. this desired. *Bullen.* l. 20 t'imbrace] and imbrace *M.* 1589.

Page 40. *A sweete Pastorall.*

N. Breton.

From Brittons *Bowre of Delights Contayning Many, most delectable and fine deuices of rare Epitaphes, pleasant Poems, Pastorals and Sonets by N. B. Gent.* 4to, 1591, reprinted in 1597. Richard Jones, who issued this volume, refers, in his *Address to the Reader*, to the 'Authors absence' at the time of publication, and in fact in the following year, 1592, Nicholas Breton in his prefatory note to his *Pilgrimage to Paradise* states, 'Gentlemen there hath beene of late printed in London by one Richard Ioanes, a printer a booke of english verses, entituled *Bretons bower of delights*: I protest it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge; and many thinges of other mens mingled with few of mine, for except *Amoris Lachrimae*: an epitaphe vpon Sir Phillip Sidney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he vnhappyly came by, I haue no part with any of them and so I beseech yee assuredly belieue.' This poem is no doubt one of the excepted 'toies.'

Page 41, l. 21 frost,] frost *E.H.*

Page 42. Harpalus complaynt on Phillidaes loue, etc.

L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.

From *Tottels Miscellany* 1557, where it is printed among *Poems by*

Vncertain Auſtours and is therefore presumably not by the Earl of Surrey. I have used Arber's reprint of the first and second editions for purposes of collation.

l. 10 as] And T. l. 11 Heards-man] Heardman T. Page 43, l. 5 beene] be T. l. 15 he alwayes] alwayes he T. l. 28 a] her T. l. 29 were it] it were, for T. l. 30 a] the T. Page 44, l. 6 makes] face T. first edition. l. 30 paine] paynes T. Page 45, l. 2 Whom cruell loue hath slayne T. l. 3 Whom] By T. first edition. l. 4 murdered with false disdaine T. first edition. l. 5 Howard] Haward E.H.

Page 45. *Another of the same subiect*, etc. *Shep. Tonie.*

See Note to Page 30 (*To Colin Cloute*).

Page 46, l. 19 Now] [K.] now Bullen. Page 47, l. 13 is as] it is Bullen. Page 48, l. 1 Thrush] Trush E.H.

Page 48. *The Nymphes meeting their May Queene*, etc.

Tho. Watson.

This poem was sung by 'six virgins' before Elizabeth at *The first daies entertainment* at Elvetham. See Note to page 29 (*Phyllida and Coridon*). Mr Bond is inclined to accept Watson's authorship of the song. It was reprinted in Pilkington's *First Booke of Songs or Ayres* 1605, the words 'O gracious King' being substituted for 'O beauteous Queene.'

Page 49, l. 4 signes] signe *The Entertainment*.

Page 49. Colin Cloutes *mournfull Dittie for the death of Astrophell*.

Edm. Spencer.

From Spenser's *Astrophel, A Pastorall Elegie Vpon the death of* . . . Sir Philip Sidney, in *Colin Clouts come home againe* 1595.

Page 50. *Damætas Iigge in praise of his Loue*. *Iohn Wootton.*

John Wootton was believed by Brydges to be a half-brother of Sir Henry Wotton. See Isaak Walton's *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*, where Sir John is described as 'a Gentleman excellently accomplished both by learning and travel.'

l. 22 to the hills] from the hills Bullen.

Page 51. *Montanus praise of his faire Phæbe*. *Thom. Lodge.*

From Lodge's *Rosalynde* 1590, reprinted in 1592 and 1598, and frequently afterwards.

l. 32, distaine; excel. Page 52, l. 9 lookes] locks R.

Page 52. *The complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Sheepheard*.

L. T. Howard, E. of Surrie.

From *Tottels Miscellany* 1557, where it is printed among poems by *Vncertain Auctours*, and is therefore presumably not by the Earl of Surrey.

l. 21 a silly Swaine] is a sely man T. l. 22 mournfull] mourning T. l. 25 Thy Nymph forsakes thee quite] Thy Lady thee forsakes T. l. 26 but] and T. l. 31 still] full T. Page 53, l. 6 life into] life also into T. l. 11 your] the T. l. 12 wofulst] most woful T. that rests vnder the Sunne] that liued vnder sunne T. liues vnder the sunne T. second edition. l. 17 all] my T.

Page 53. *To Phillis the faire Sheephardesse.* S. E. D.

Though attributed to Sir Edward Dyer in *E.H.* and in the Davison MS., this poem is Sonnet XV of Lodge's *Phillis* 1593, and is doubtless by him.

l. 26 still] for *Phillis*. l. 31 too] So *Phillis*. Page 54, l. 1 It] As *Phillis*. l. 6 her. *Phillis*, her, *E.H.* l. 7 that] when as *Phillis*.

Page 54. *The Sheepheard Dorons Iigge.* Ro. Greene.

From Greene's *Menaphon* 1589 (second edition 1610).

l. 14 pretty] little M. l. 15 little] pretie M. l. 18 as, omitted M.

Page 55. *Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.*

N. Breton.

Believed by Bullen to have been first printed in *E.H.* Originally signed *S. Phil. Sidney*, a slip was afterwards inserted with the signature *N. Breton*, which attribution is confirmed by the Davison MS.

Page 57. *The passionate Sheepheards Song.* W. Shakespeare.

From Act IV of *Loues Labour's Lost*, first published in 4to, in 1598. The poem was also printed in *The Passionate Pilgrime* 1599.

l. 12 was] is L.L.L. l. 16 gan] can L.L.L. l. 17 Sheepheard] loue L.L.L., P.P. l. 18 Wish'd] Wish L.L.L. Wisht P.P. l. 21 alas] alack L.L.L. hath] is L.L.L. l. 22 thorne] throne P.P. l. 28 thy L.L.L., P.P., Bullen, Cambridge Shakespeare, my E.H. L.L.L. has these two additional lines after l. 24,

Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee;

Page 58. *The unknowne Sheepheards complaint.* Ignoto.

First printed in Weelkes *Madrigals To 3, 4, 5 and 6 voyces* 1597, and again in *The Passionate Pilgrime* 1599, from which volume the version in *E.H.* was probably taken. Bullen and Sir Sidney Lee agree in attributing this poem to R. Barnfield on the ground that the poem following, undoubtedly by him, is headed *Another of the same Sheepheards.*

l. 4 denying] dying W.M., P.P. l. 5 renying] denying W.M. nenyng P.P. l. 6 my] our W.M. l. 8 her] our W.M. l. 9 a nay] annoy W.M. l. 13 women] wowed P.P.

men remaine] many men to be *W.M.* 1. 14 feares] fear *W.M.* 1. 17 fraughted] fraught
W.M. 1. 18 can] will *W.M.* 1. 23 In howling-wise] With howling noise *W.M.* 1. 24
 hartlesse] harkless *W.M.* 1. 25 a, omitted *W.M.* 1. 27 Loud bells ring not
 cheerfully *W.M.* 1. 29 back peeping] back creeping *W.M.* blacke peeping *P.P.*
 1. 30 pleasure] pleasures *W.M.* 1. 31 meeting] meetings *W.M., P.P.* 1. 32 sports...
 are] sport... is *P.P.* 1. 33 loue is] loues are *W.M.* Page 59, 1. 1 Loue] lass *W.M.*
 thy] the *W.M.* 1. 2 sweete] a sweete *P.P.* moane] woe *W.M., P.P.* 1. 4 see that
 there is] know theres *W.M.*

Page 59. *Another of the same Sheepheards.*

Ignoto.

From *Poems: In diuers humors*, part of a volume entitled *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia* 1598 by Richard Barnfield. The poem was also printed in *The Passionate Pilgrime* 1599. Thirty lines have been omitted from the poem as it is printed in *P.I.D.H.* and *P.P.*, and a new terminal couplet substituted. Sir Sidney Lee suggests (*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Facsimile of the First Edition; Clarendon Press 1905) that the compiler of *E.H.* was making use of an independent manuscript source, but I think it likely that the poem was taken from *P.P.*, as the two preceding poems are found in that volume, and that the thirty lines were omitted by the editor of *E.H.* on account of their non-pastoral nature.

1. 16 against] vp-till *P.I.D.H., P.P.* 1. 28 beasts] beares *P.I.D.H., P.P.*

Page 60. *The Sheepheards allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie*, etc.

Tho. Watson.

This poem is Sonnet VIII of T. Watson's *Hecatompithia* c. 1582.

Page 60. Montanus *Sonnet to his faire Phæbe.*

Thom. Lodge.

From Lodge's *Rosalynde* 1590.

Page 61, 1. 12 did] doth *R.* 1. 15 cries] piteous cries *R.*

Page 62. Phæbes *Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion.*

Thom. Lodge.

From Lodge's *Rosalynde* 1590.

1. 7 downe a downe] a downe, downe *R.* 1. 9 mothers] mouers *R.* 1. 15 breasts] breast *R.*
 1. 33 make; a mate.

Page 63. Coridons *supplication to Phillis.*

N. Breton.

From *Brittons Bowre of Delights* 1591, reprinted in 1597. See Note to page 40 (*A sweete Pastorall*).

1. 26 pick] pricke *B.B. of D.* 1597. 1. 29 it be so] so it be *B.B. of D.* 1597.

Page 64. Damætus *Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis.*

I. Wootton.

See Note to page 50 (*Damætus Iigge*).

Page 66. Dorons *description of his faire Sheepheardesse Samela.*

Ro. Greene.

From Greene's *Menaphon* 1589 (second edition 1610).

l. 10 *Arethusa*, faint] *Arethusa* faint *M.* 1589, 1610. *Arethusa's Fount Walker, Cburton Collins. Arethusa Fount Bullen.* 'faint' has been left, as possibly a description of the sheep was intended, i.e., inert, weak, in which sense the word was used by Shakespeare. l. 16 fancies] *fancie M., moue, M.* 1598 *moue. E.H.* l. 24 brightest] *brauest M.*

Page 67. *Wodenfrides Song in praise of Amargana.* *W.H.*

W.H. is probably William Hunnis, several of whose poems are printed in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises.*

l. 29 Sheepheards] *Sommer Bullen.*

Page 68. *Another of the same.* *W.H.*

See preceding Note.

l. 22 golden haire] And gold her hair Note in *Bullen's* edition.

Page 70. *An excellent Pastorall Dittie.* *Shep. Tonie.*

See Note to page 30 (*To Colin Cloute*).

Page 71. *Phillidaes Loue-call to her Coridon, and his replying.*
Ignoto.

This poem has been claimed for Raleigh on the ground that it is signed *Ignoto*, a pseudonym which was supposed by Warton and others to designate this author. This was certainly not always the case, and there is no other evidence in support of the claim in this instance.

l. 19 my] for my *Bullen.* Page 72, l. 20 her *Bullen, my E.H.*

Page 73. *The Sheepheards solace.* *Tho. Watson.*

Sonnet XCII of Watson's *Hecatompethia* circa 1582.

l. 8 *fautrix;* patroness. l. 9 alone] or none *H.* l. 10 flocks] *flocke H.*

Page 73. *Syrenus Song to Eugerius.* *Bar. Yong.*

From Bartholomew Yong's (or Young's) translation of Montemayor's Spanish Romance *Diana*, published in 1598, but finished in manuscript, as he tells us, fifteen years earlier.

Page 75, l. 15 *rauenous*] *rauening D.* l. 19 *Puttocks;* kites. l. 25 offences] *defences D.*

Page 76. *The Sheepheard Arsileus replie to Syrenus Song.*
Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 8 comfort] comforts *D.* l. 13 but] *hath D.* Page 77, l. 1 time] *times D.* l. 26 me (*sweet Loue*) *D.* my (*sweet Loue*) *E.H.* my sweet *Loue Bullen.* Page 78, l. 1 not them] *them not D.* l. 3 *liuing*] *louing D.* l. 8 *surest*] *sure D.*

Page 78. *A Sheepheards dreame.* *N. Breton.*

From *Brittons Bowre of Delights* 1591. Second edition 1597. See Note to page 40 (*A sweete Pastorall*).

Page 79, l. 1 *foorth*] *out B.B. of D.* 1597.

Page 79. *The Shepheards Ode.* *Rich. Barnefelde.*

From Barnfield's *Cynthia. With Certaine Sonnets*, etc. 1595.

l. 26 Hawthorne] Hauthorn's C. Page 80, l. 29 neere] nie C.

Page 82. *The Shepheards commendation of his Nymph.*

Earle of Oxenford.

Printed in *The Phoenix Nest* 1593, where it is signed E.O. Poems by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, occur in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises* and other contemporary miscellanies and manuscripts. Hannah in his *Courtly Poets* ascribes twenty-one poems to him, but this number includes two poems wrongly attributed to him in *Englands Parnassus*.

l. 13 Shepheard] cunning P.N. l. 19 which] whence P.N. Page 83, l. 3 Hir vertues so doe shine P.N. l. 8 Whence] Where Bullen. l. 10 But] That P.N., it] not P.N. l. 15 in my Nimphs] it in hir P.N.

Page 83. *Coridon to his Phillis.*

S. E. Dyer.

Printed anonymously in *The Phoenix Nest* 1593. It is ascribed to Dyer in the Davison MS.

Page 84, l. 16 richest] brauest P.N.

Page 84. *The Shepheards description of Loue.*

Ignoto.

Printed anonymously in *The Phoenix Nest* 1593. Originally signed S.W.R. in *E.H.*, a slip *Ignoto* was substituted. It is ascribed to S.W. Rawley in the Davison MS. and is printed anonymously in *Davisons Poetical Rapsody* 1602.

l. 27 Shepheard, what's] Now what is P.N. l. 30 sauncing bell; little bell calling to prayer. l. 32 heard] heare P.N. Page 85, l. 7 good Shepheard] I praie thee P.N. l. 13 Yet what is Loue, I pray thee say P.N. l. 17 Then Nimphs take] Then take the P.N., ye] you P.N. l. 19 Yet what is Loue I pray the shoe P.N. l. 23 shall] must P.N. l. 24 And this is Loue (sweet friend) I troe. P.N.

Page 85. *To his Flocks.*

H.C.

There seems little doubt that the initials H.C. are those of Henry Constable, the author of *Diana, or, the excellent conceitfull Sonnets of H.C.*, etc. 1594. None of the four poems signed H.C. in *E.H.* were taken from *Diana*, and they were presumably printed in *E.H.* for the first time. Two Sonnets signed H.C., one of them from *Diana*, are given in *Davisons Poetical Rapsody* 1602.

Page 86. *A Roundelay betweene two Shepheards.*

Mich. Drayton.

First published in *E.H.* Reprinted as part of the *ninth Eglog* of *Poemes Lyrick and pastorall* (1605?) and *Poems* 1619.

l. 6 gentle] skilfull P.L. & P., *Poems* 1619. l. 7 Vale is] valley P.L. & P., *Poems* 1619.

l. 9 the Violet] or violet *P.L. & P.* l. 11 Fixe] stay *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 12 Because the Sunne is] He pawseth almost *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 13 looking] gazing *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 15 were thy] was there *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* ll. 18, 19 How com these flowers to flourish still, Not withering with sharpe winters breath? *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 21 sweetens] comforts *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* ll. 23, 24 As swift as the wild Roe that were, Oh muse not Shepheard that they stay, *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 26 Shepheards] goodly *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 27 Nymphs] girles *Poems 1619.* l. 29 our faire the] thy Siluia *P.L. & P.* thy Syl: our *Poems 1619.* Page 87, l. 2 flowers, and brookes will] brooks and flowers, can *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 3 These Shepheards, & these nymphs do know. *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.* l. 4 Thy Siluia is as chaste, as fayre *P.L. & P., Poems 1619.*

Page 87. *The solitarie Shepheards Song.* Thom. Lodge.

From Lodge's *A Margarite of America* 1596.

l. 16 by fire] or fire *A.M. of A.*

Page 87. *The Shepheards resolution in loue.* Tho. Watson.

Sonnet XXXVII of Watson's *Hecatompattia* c. 1582.

l. 27 Shepheardesse] peerelesse choise *H.* Page 88, l. 11 Then, why should I once doubt to loue her still, *H.*

Page 88. Coridons *Hymne in praise of Amarillis.* T.B.

Brydges suggested that the initials T.B. stood for Thomas Bastard, from whose book *Chrestoleiros, Seu en bookes of Epigrames* 1598 there are eleven quotations in *Englands Parnassus.*

Page 89. *The Shepheard Carillo bis Song.* Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 26 Carillo,] Carillio, *D.* Page 90, l. 1 thee] this *D.*

Page 92. Corins *dreame of his faire Chloris.* W.S.

Sonnet XIII of William Smith's *Chloris, or The Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard* 1596.

l. 2 bright] faire *C.* l. 14 in such perplexed] in perplexed *C.* l. 16 continued] continue *C.* l. 20 rigour neuer] neuer rigor *C.* l. 27 yer-while] erst while *C.*

Page 93. *The Shepheard Damons passion.* Thom. Lodge.

Sonnet XII of Lodge's *Phillis* 1593.

l. 5 ye] you *Phillis.* l. 13 ye] you *Phillis.*

Page 93. *The Shepheard Musidorus bis complaint.*

S. Phil. Sianey.

From Sidney's *Arcadia* 1590.

l. 21 change] chance *A.* 1590.

Page 94. *The Shepheards braule, one halfe aunswering the other.*

S. Phil. Sidney.

From Sidney's *Arcadia* 1590.

l. 6 rewarded?] rewarded. *A.* 1590.

- Page 94. Dorus *his comparisons*. *S. Phil. Sidney*.
 From *Arcadia* 1590.
 l. 21 desires] Desire *A.* 1590.
- Page 95. *The Sheepheard Faustus his Song*. *Bar. Yong*.
 From Yong's *Diana* 1598.
 Page 96, l. 8 vaine. *D. vaine E.H.*
- Page 96. *Another of the same, by Firmius the Sheepheard*. *Bar. Yong*.
 From Yong's *Diana* 1598.
- Page 98. *Damelus Song to his Diaphenia*. *H.C.*
 Henry Constable. See Note to Page 85 (*To his Flocks*).
- Page 98. *The Sheepheard Eurymachus to his faire Sheephardesse Mirimida*. *Rq. Greene*.
 From Greene's *Francescos Fortunes* 1590.
 Page 99, l. 33 liue] lie *F.F.*
- Page 100. *The Sheepheard Firmius his Song*. *Bar. Yong*.
 From Yong's *Diana* 1598.
 Page 101, l. 31 finde] feele *D.* Page 102, l. 17 loue *D. lone E.H.*
- Page 102. *The Sheepheards praise of his sacred Diana*.
 Printed anonymously in *The Phoenix Nest* 1593. In the Bodleian (Malone) copy the poem is signed S.W.R., over which initials a slip *Ignoto* has been pasted. In the B.M. copy the signature has been erased and the slip is missing. In the Davison MS. it is ascribed to W. R. Hannah prints it among Raleigh's poems.
 Page 103, l. 6 In ay she Mistres like makes all things pure, *P.N.*
- Page 103. *The Sheepheards dumpe*. *S.E.D.*
 Printed in *The Phoenix Nest* 1593, where it is attributed to T. L. Gent., i.e., Thomas Lodge. It is printed again, with some variations, on Page 192 where it is signed *Ignoto*. The Davison MS. gives it to E. Dier.
 Page 104, l. 2 their] these *P.N.* l. 3 My faithfull Loue by you might be rewarded *P.N.*
- Page 104. *The Nymph Dianæs Song*. *Bar. Yong*.
 From Yong's *Diana* 1598.
- Page 105. *Rowlands Madrigall*. *Mich. Drayton*.
 Printed for the first and only time in *E.H.*

Page 107. *Alanus the Sheepheard, his dolefull Song, etc.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 32 should] doth *D.* Page 108, l. 11 those] these *D.* Page 109, l. 11 heare *D.* peare *E.H.*
peer *Bullen.*

Page 109. *Montana the Sheepheard, his loue to Aminta.*

Shep. Tonie.

First printed in *Fedele and Fortunio* or *Two Italian Gentlemen*. See
Note to page 30 (*To Colin Cloute*).

l. 18 Aminta] a Mistres *T.I.G.* l. 20 Finer in trip and swifter then the Roe *T.I.G.* l. 28
Phæbus] Beauties *T.I.G.* Page 110, l. 4 More stiffe] Stiffer *T.I.G.*

Page 110. *The Sheepheards sorrow for his Phæbes disdaine.*

Ignoto.

Originally signed M.F.G., i.e. Fulke Greville, a slip *Ignoto* was
substituted. In *E.H.* 1614 the poem is signed I.F. and in the Davison
MS. it is attributed to 'F. Greuill.' It is not printed in Fulke Greville's
Workes 1633.

Page 111. *Espilus and Therion, their contention in song for the
May-Ladie.*

S. Phil Sidney.

From Sidney's *Lady of May*, first published in the third edition of
Arcadia 1598.

l. 19 conceite] concepts *A.* 1598 needes be *A.* 1598 needes neede be *E.H.* l. 21 in] on
A. 1598 and] or *A.* 1598.

Page 112. *Old Melibeus Song, courting his Nymph.*

Ignoto.

Originally signed M.F.G., a slip, *Ignoto* was substituted. This
slip is missing from the Museum and Malone copies. In *E.H.* 1614
the poem is unsigned. It is assigned to F. Greuill in the Davison MS.
It is not included in his *Workes* 1633.

Page 113, l. 3 commended] commended. *E.H.*

Page 113. *The Sheepheard Syluanus his Song.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 20 at] as *D.*

Page 114. *Coridons Song.*

Thom Lodge.

From Lodge's *Rosalynde* 1590.

l. 6 bonny-Lasse] the bonny-lasse *R.* l. 9 smicker; amorous. l. 20 sayd, omitted in *R.*
Page 115, l. 4 many an] with many a *R.* l. 6 and to the Church they hied them fast *R.*
l. 7 peate; pet. The last four lines are not found in *R.*

Page 115. *The Sheepheards Sonnet.* *Rich. Barnefielde.*

This poem is Sonnet XV of Barnfield's *Cynthia* 1595.

l. 17 My] A(h) C. l. 23 pleasures] pleasure C.

Page 116. *Seluagia and Siluanus their song to Diana.* *Bar. Yong.*

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 17 this] my D. l. 28 hap] pap D.

Page 117. *Montanus his Madrigall.* *Ro. Greene.*

From Greene's *Francescos Fortunes* 1590.

l. 29 you might see] might you see F.F. Page 118, l. 13 his] her F.F. l. 15 from on] down from F.F. l. 20 espie,] espie E.H. Page 119, l. 8 braides; deceits. l. 11 thence] hence F.F.

Page 119. *Astrophell to Stella, his third Song.* *S. Phil. Sidney.*

From *Astrophel and Stella* 1591 and *Arcadia* 1598.

l. 21 Sheepheards] shepherd A. 1598. l. 22 Loues daintie food] Loues food A. & S. l. 24 As his light was her eyes] As her eyes were his light A. & S. l. 25 defineth] refineth A. & S., A. 1598. l. 26 loe] for A. & S. l. 27 birds, stones,] beasts, birds, stones, A. & S. birds, beasts, stones A. 1598.

Page 120. *A Song betweene Syrenus and Syluanus.* *Bar. Yong.*

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 19 cruell in their D. in their cruell E.H.

Page 121. *Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.*

From *Speeches Deliuiered To Her Maiestie This Last Progresse, At The Right Honorable the Lady Russels at Bissam, the Right Honorable the Lorde Chandos, at Sudley* (i.e. Sudeley), etc. Oxford, 1592. The Speeches in this 'Entertainment' are claimed by Mr R.W. Bond for Lyly, who may have written the poem. There is, however, no external evidence for this, and Lyly's authorship of the lyrics in his genuine plays has recently been questioned.

Page 122, l. 4 heauen] heauens *The Entertainment.* l. 17 in] a *The Entertainment.*

Page 122. *A Pastorall Ode to an honourable friend.* *E.B.*

i.e. Edmund Bolton. See Note to page 11 (*Theorello*).

Page 123. *A Nimphs disdaine of Loue.* *Ignoto.*

Page 124. *Apollos Loue-Song for faire Daphne.*

From the *Speeches Deliuiered to Her Maiestie etc. at Sudley etc.* 1592.

See Note to page 121 (*Ceres Song*).

l. 18 flie] she *The Entertainment.*

Page 125. *The Sheepheard Delicius his Dittie.* *Bar. Yong.*

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

Page 126, l. 2 fire: D. fire E.H. l. 5 Each mind D. Each wicked mind E.H. l. 7 fire D. ayre E.H.

Page 127. *Amintas for his Phillis.*

Tho. Watson.

From *The Phoenix Nest* 1593, where it is signed T. W. Gent.

l. 6 she *P.N.* he *E.H.* l. 14 You] Now *P.N.* l. 18 whose] where *Bullen.* l. 21 through] that *P.N.* l. 30 Swaine] man *P.N.* l. 33 and] my *P.N.* Page 128, l. 8 Crare; small vessel. l. 12 death's] death *P.N.* l. 17 God] gods *P.N.*

Page 129. *Faustus and Firmius sing to their Nymph by turns.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 4 thy] my *D.* l. 9 deserue *D.* obserue *E.H.* l. 11 store] store. *E.H.*

Page 130. *Sireno a Sheepheard, hauing a lock of his faire Nymphs haire, etc.*

S. Phil. Sidney.

From the poems appended to the third edition of *Arcadia* 1598.

l. 15 changes *A.* 1598 chang's *E.H.* Page 131, l. 11 one loues] ones loue *A.* 1598. l. 13 haire, you are] haire are you *A.* 1598. l. 22 hand,] hand *E.H.*, *A.* 1598. *Bullen* encloses this line in brackets.

Page 131. *A Song betweene Taurisius and Diana aunswering verse for verse.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 31 eye,] eye. *E.H.* Page 132, l. 5 and] nor *D.* l. 21 Is it] It is *D.* l. 24 sorrow] sorrowes *D.*

Page 133. *Another Song before her Maiestie at Oxford, sung by a comely Sheepheard etc.*

Anonimus.

From *The Entertainment at Sudeley* 1592. See Note to page 121 (*Ceres Song*).

l. 12 sigh'd] sight *The Entertainment.*

Page 133. *The Sheepheards Song: a Caroll or Himne for Christmas.*

E.B.

Edmund Bolton. See Note to page 11 (*Theorello*).

Page 135. *Arsileus his Caroll, for ioy of the new marriage, etc.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 9 sorrow] sorrowes *D.* Page 136, l. 17 good] goods *D.* l. 25 you] yee *D.* l. 27 You] Yee *D.*

Page 137. *Philistus farewell to false Clorinda.*

Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls.

From *Thomas Morleys Madrigalls to Foure Voyces . . . the First Booke* 1594. As in the case of practically all the poems in *E.H.* taken from the Song Books the author has not been identified.

l. 5 for thee I] for thee unkind I *M.M.* ll. 7-12 are as follows in *M.M.*

O but who can? I cannot, I, abide it.

Adieu, adieu, leaue me, death now desiring.

Thou hast, lo, thy requiring.

Page 137. *Rosalindes Madrigall.*

Thom. Lodge.

From Lodge's *Rosalynde* 1590.

l. 26 pierceth] pearceth *R., Bullen.* l. 27 slight] flight *R., Bullen.* Page 138, l. 1 if I but sing] if so I sing *R.* l. 6 ye] you *R.* l. 7 ye...ye] you...you *R.* l. 9 ye] you *R.*

Page 138. *A Dialogue Song betweene Syluanus and Arsilius.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

Page 139, l. 12 It can be neuer *D.* It neuer can neuer *E.H.* l. 25 oft-times, omitted *D.* l. 27 would] should *D.* l. 28 If that it might be told *D.*

Page 139. *Montanus Sonnet.*

S. E. D.

This poem, ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer, is printed in Lodge's *Rosalynde* and is no doubt by Lodge.

Page 140, l. 12 While] Whilst *R.* l. 13 toylng] toylsome *R.* l. 17 *Phæbus*] Phœbes *R.* l. 23 sore,] sore *E.H.*

Page 141. *The Nymph Seluagia her Song.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 11 neuer] euer *D.* l. 18 complaints] plaints *D.*

Page 141. *The Heard-mans happie life.*

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

From William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets & Songs*, etc., 1588.

Page 143. *Cinthia the Nymph, her Song to faire Polydora.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 18 beauties] beautilous *D.* Page 144, l. 4 greatest] greater *D.* l. 19 sometime] sometimes *D.* Page 145, l. 8 his] this *D.*

Page 145. *The Sheepheard to the flowers.*

Ignoto.

Printed anonymously in *The Phoenix Nest* 1593. It is included by Hannah among Raleigh's poems, but there seems to be no authority for ascribing it to him.

Page 146, l. 8 to haue no] withouten *P.N.*

Page 146. *The Sheepheard Arsilius his Song to his Rebeck.*

Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 16 assures] recures *D., Bullen.* l. 18 adiures *D., Bullen* admires *E.H.*

Page 147. *Another of Astrophell to his Stella.* *S. Phil. Sidney.*

The eighth song from *Astrophel and Stella* 1591.

l. 31 perfum'd] perfumes *A. & S.* Page 148, l. 2 each in the] either in each *A. & S.* l. 11 Sigh they did] Sighd they had *A. & S.* l. 12 woes] woe *A. & S.* l. 24 triumph of] Triumphres in *A. & S.* l. 29 once are] are once *A. & S.* l. 33 Singeth,] Singeth. *E.H.* l. 36 each Character] the characters *A. & S.* l. 37 Whose face all] Whose sweete face *A. & S.* l. 38 thy] the *A. & S.* Page 149, l. 3 ô] to *A. & S.* l. 4 fault] sinne *A. & S.* l. 7 loue] proue *A. & S.* l. 8 may] nere *A. & S.* l. 12 The birds] These birds. *A. & S.*

l. 23 repelling] compelling *A.* & *S.* l. 24 excelling] expelling *A.* & *S.* The rest of the poem with the exception of the last four lines, which form the close of the *A.* & *S.* version, was printed for the first time in *Arcadia* 1598. l. 32 dooth] would *A.* 1598. l. 35 feede] fed *A.* 1598. l. 36 helplesse] hopelesse *A.* 1598. Page 150, l. 8 on] in *A.* 1598. l. 20 to] with *A.* & *S.*

Page 150. *Syrenus his Song to Dianaes Flocks.* *Bar. Yong.*
From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

Page 151, l. 16 sometime] sometimes *D.* l. 26, omitted *D.*

Page 152. *To Amarillis.* *Out of M. Birds set Songs.*

From William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets & Songs*, etc., 1588.

l. 5 With smiling cheere] Corinna can with smiling cheere *P.S.* & *S.* l. 6 her] their *P.S.* & *S.*

Page 153. *Cardenia the Nymph, to her false Sheepheard Faustus.*
Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

Page 154, l. 18 may] will *D.* l. 19 Sonnet] letter *D.* l. 24 Thus] Then *D.*

Page 155. *Of Phillida.* *Out of M. Bird's set Songs.*

From William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets & Songs* 1588.

l. 4 beguile] beguile *P.S.* & *S.* l. 12 in deepe dispaire] with great despiht *P.S.* & *S.*

Page 155. *Melisea her Song, in scorne of her Sheepheard Narcissus.*
Bar. Yong.

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 22 show] fauour shoue *D.*

Page 156. *His aunswere to the Nymphs Song.* *Bar. Yong.*

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 5 offend] offends *D.*

Page 157. *Her present aunswere againe to him.* *Bar. Yong.*

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

l. 11 thy *D.* the *E.H.*

Page 157. *His last replie.* *Bar. Yong.*

From Yong's *Diana* 1598.

Page 158. *Philon the Sheepheard, his Song.*

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

From William Byrd's *Songs of Sundrie Natures* 1589.

l. 18, omitted in *S.O.S.N.* l. 20 your *S.O.S.N.*, Bullen young *E.H.* l. 21 as, omitted *S.O.S.N.* and] your *S.O.S.N.* l. 22 and sigh'd] you sigh'd *S.O.S.N.*

Page 159. *Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song.*

Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls

From Thomas Morley's *Canzonets or Little Short Songs to Three Voyces* 1593.

For ll. 17, 18, 19 a single line reads: Hear me, alas! Cannot my beautie mooue thee

C.O.L.S.S. For ll. 20, 21 a single line reads: Pity me then, because I loue thee *C.O.L.S.S.*
 l. 22 Aye me, omitted in *C.O.L.S.S.* l. 23 and all, omitted in *C.O.L.S.S.* l. 24 why doo]
 Ah, *C.O.L.S.S.*

Page 160. *To his Flocks.*

From John Dowland's *First Booke of Songes or Ayres of foure partes*, etc. 1597.

l. 3 prouokes] prouokes *E.H.* l. 10 yoakes] locks *F.B. of S.*

Page 160. *To his Loue.*

From John Dowland's *First Booke of Songes*, etc. 1597.

l. 24 Rosie] Roseate *F.B. of S.* l. 27 Loues long] Loue-long *F.B. of S.* Page 161, l. 10 sweet, omitted *F.B. of S.*

Page 161. *Another of his Cinthia.*

Printed in John Dowland's *First Booke of Songes*, etc. 1597. It is ascribed to Fulke Greville in the Davidson MS. and is printed as Sonnet LI of *Cœlica* in his *Certaine Learned and Elegant Workes* 1633. Sonnet V of *Cœlica* was also printed in Dowland's *First Booke of Songes*.

l. 26 them] those *F.B. of S., Workes.* l. 29 God Cupids shaft] Sweet Cupids shafts *Workes.*
 l. 30 Dooth eyther] Do causelesse *Workes.* Page 162, l. 1 feete] foot *F.B. of S. wing Workes.*
 l. 6 On] In *Workes.* l. 17 which] that *Workes due]* bow *F.B. of S., Workes.*
 l. 18 the Shepheard] the foster *F.B. of S.* thee foster *Workes.* l. 20 Nymph] Saint *Workes.*

Page 162. *Another to his Cinthia.*

Printed in John Dowland's *First Booke of Songes* etc. 1597. It is ascribed to 'The Earle of Cumberland' in the Davison MS. This would presumably be George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland (1558-1605). Dr Fellowes (*English Madrigal Verse*) states that the initials W.S. have been found attached to an early MS. copy of these lines.

l. 27 On] In *F.B. of S.*

Page 163. Montanus *Sonnet in the woods.*

S.E.D.

Though attributed to Sir Edward Dyer, this poem is taken from Lodge's *Rosalynde* 1590.

Page 164, l. 2 care] ear *R.* l. 3 ioy] toy *R.*

Page 164. *The Shepheards sorrow, being disdained in loue.*

Thom. Lodge.

From Lodge's *Phillis.*

l. 10 Haplesse] Heauie *Phillis.* l. 27 helpe] helps *Phillis.* Page 165, l. 1 sorrowes] sorrow *Phillis.* l. 4 ioyes] ioy *Phillis.* l. 13. Loath'd] Loath *Phillis.* l. 15 speeding] guiding *Phillis.* l. 17 You] Thou *Phillis.* feeding] mindinge *Phillis.* Page 166, l. 20 a] my *Phillis.* l. 22 morning] morrowe *Phillis.* l. 25 Shepheard] sheepe *Phillis.*

Page 167. *A Pastorall Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, etc.*

H.C.

Henry Constable,

Page 169. *The Sheepbeards Antheme.*

Mich. Drayton.

Printed in *E.H.* for the first time. It forms part of *The Second Eglog* in *Poemes Lyrick and pastorall* (1605?) and *Poems* 1619.

l. 2 Neere] Vpon *P.L. & P., Poems* 1619. l. 3 prettie Turtles] Where Turtles oft, sit *Poems* 1619. l. 9 Oh that it should] Oh greuous to *P.L. & P., Poems* 1619. l. 11 that poore] which that *Poems* 1619. l. 12 yet will] request *P.L. & P., Poems* 1619. l. 13 my hart] the same *P.L. & P., Poems* 1619. l. 18 Hearse shall] Chappell *P.L. & P., Poems* 1619. l. 24 And] in *P.L. & P., Poems* 1619.

Page 169. *The Countesse of Pembrookes Pastorall.* *Sheep. Tonie.*

See note to page 30 (*To Colin Cloute*).

Page 170, l. 5 that] thou *Bullen.* Page 171, l. 11 sayd shee] she said *Bullen.*

Page 172. *Another of Astrophell.*

S. Phil. Sidney.

From the Poems appended to the third edition of *Arcadia* 1598.

l. 8 so] as *A.* 1598. l. 20 languish] anguish *A.* 1598.

Page 173. *Faire Phillis and her Sheepbeard.*

I.G.

Ritson suggested that the initials I.G. stood for John Gough. John Grange, the author of *The Golden Aphroditis* 1577, has also been suggested, but the poetry in this volume has little resemblance to *Fair Phillis and her Sheepbeard*. Bullen considered that the verses were in Constable's manner.

Page 174, l. 33 tick; fondle.

Page 176. *The Sheepbeards Song of Venus and Adonis.* *H.C.*

Henry Constable.

Page 177, l. 11 one] once *E.H.* Page 179, l. 23 orped; stout, fierce.

Page 180. *Thirsis the Sheepbeard his deaths Song.*

Out of Maister N. Young his Musica Transalpina.

From N. Yonge's *Musica Transalpina. Madrigals translated of foure, five and sixe parts chosen out of diuers excellent Authors* 1588.

l. 3 eyes] fair eyes *M.T.* l. 7 by thee] with thee *M.T.* In the place of lines 9, 10 and 11 *M.T.* gives the following:

Wherewith in haste to die he did betake him
Thinking it death that life would not forsake him.
And while his look full fixed he retained
On her eyes full of pleasure;

Page 180. *Another Stanza added after.*

Out of the same.

From N. Yonge's *Musica Transalpina* 1588.

l. 31 her] that *M.T.*

Page 181. *Another Sonet thence taken.*

From N. Yonge's *Musica Transalpina* 1588.

l. 2 sweetly] sweet *M.T.* l. 3 herbs, which] herbs; and *M.T.* l. 4 Philomel] and Philomel *M.T.* l. 6 the] and *M.T.*

Page 181. *The Sheepbeards slumber.*

Ignoto.

This poem has been claimed for Raleigh, but only on the ground that it is signed *Ignoto* in *E.H.* See Note to page 71.

Page 183, l. 26 Vestalles] Vestal *Bullen.*

Page 185. *In wonted walkes* etc. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

From the Poems appended to the third edition of *Arcadia* 1598. It had been previously printed as Sonnet VIII of Decade 3 in Constable's *Diana* 1594 (dated on T.P. 1584).

l. 3 minde] eye D., A. 1598. l. 5 minde] mindes D. l. 7 shading] shadie D.

Page 185. *Of disdainfull Daphne.* *M. H. Nowell.*

In *E. H.* 1614 the Poem is signed M. N. Howell. The Davison MS. gives H. Nowell. This cannot be Thomas Howell, the author of *H. His Deuises*, the possibility of which was hinted at by Sir E. Brydges, as Howell's poetry is of an earlier character. Mr Crawford (*Englands Parnassus*, Clarendon Press 1913) suggests Master Henry Noel, a courtier noted for his extravagant behaviour and wit.

Page 186. *The passionate Shepheard to his loue.* *Chr. Marlow.*

There are four versions of this famous poem. Stanzas 1, 2, 3 and 5 appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrime* 1599, where they are printed thus:

Liue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Riuers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.

A belt of straw and Yuye buds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

The poem is printed in Walton's *Compleat Angler* 1653 under the title of *The Milkmaid's Song*—'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago'—and there is a manuscript version in the *Thornborough Commonplace Book*. (See Mr Ingram's *Christopher Marlowe and his Associates*, 1904, pp. 222, 225).

l. 27 hills and fields,] or hils or fields *C.A.* and woodes or fieldes *M.S.* l. 28 Woods or] Or woods and *C.A.* And craggie Rockes or *MS.* mountaine] mountains *C.A., MS.* Page 187, l. 1 And] Where *C.A., MS.* l. 2 Seeing] And see *C.A., MS.* theyr] our *C.A.* l. 4 sing] sings *E.H.* l. 5 Where wee make a bedd of Roses *MS.* l. 6 And a] And then a *C.A.* and thowsande other *MS.* l. 10 pretty] little *MS.* l. 11 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold *C.A.* l. 13 and] with *MS.* l. 15 If these delights thy mynde may moue *MS.* l. 16 Come liue] Then lyve *MS.* l. 17 shall, omitted *MS.* l. 18 May] faire *MS.* In the *MS.* verses 4 and 5 are transposed and are followed by an extra verse:

Thy dyshes shal be filde with meate
Suche as the gods doe use to eate
Shall one and euerye table bee
preperde each day for thee and me

which with some variations appears again in the second edition of *The Compleat Angler*.

Page 187. *The Nymphs reply to the Sheepbeard.* *Ignoto.*

Bullen states that this poem was originally signed S.W.R. in the extant copies and that a slip *Ignoto* was substituted. This is not the case with the B.M., the John Rylands or Bodleian copies, all of which have the signature *Ignoto* and no slip. In the John Rylands copy the signature *Ignoto* is followed by a manuscript note in a contemporary hand: 'alias S^r Walt. Raleigh.' The first stanza was printed anonymously in the *The Passionate Pilgrime* 1599 as *Loues aunswere* to the four stanzas of Marlowe's poem. The whole poem is given in *The Compleat Angler* 1653 as 'made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger dayes.' In the second edition of *The Compleat Angler* another stanza was added.

l. 23 all] that *P.P.* l. 27 Time driues the] But time driues *C.A.* Page 188, line 15 these] those *C.A.*

Page 188. *Another of the same nature, made since.* *Ignoto.*

The author of this version of the poem has not been identified.

Page 190. *The Wood-mans walke.* *Shep. Tonie.*

See Note to page 30 (*To Colin Cloute*).

l. 8 in a *E.H.* 1614, Bullen in *E.H.* 1600. Page 191, l. 34 soothly] vntruely *E.H.* 1614.

Page 192. *Thirsis the Sheepbeard, to his Pipe.* *Ignoto.*

See Note to page 103 (*The Sheepbeards dumpe*).

Page 193. An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

Bullen thought this poem was first printed in *E.H.*, but it is to be found in the second edition of *Arcadia* 1593.

l. 18 wrongs] wrong *A.* 1593.

Page 194. *A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a Sheepbeard and his Nymph.* *N. Breton.*

Appeared in *E.H.* for the first time according to Grosart.

Page 194. *Another of the same.*

N. Breton.

Appeared in *E.H.* for the first time according to Grosart.

Page 195. *The Sheepheards conceite of Prometheus.* *S. E. D.*

By Sir Edward Dyer. From the poems appended to the third edition of *Arcadia* 1598, where it is headed with the initials E.D.

l. 12 vnscene] not scene *A.* 1598. l. 16 Wood; mad.

Page 196. *Another of the same.*

S. Phil. Sidney.

This is Sidney's answer to the preceding poem.

Page 196. *The Sheepheards Sunne.*

Shep. Tonie.

See Note to page 30 (*To Colin Cloute*).

l. 25 comfort for *Bullen* come for *E.H.* Page 198, l. 15 Thus] Then *Bullen*.

Page 199. *Colin the enamoured Sheepheard, singeth his passion of loue.*

Geo. Peele.

From Peele's *Araynement of Paris* 1584.

l. 17 ease] cease *A.* of *P.*

Page 199. *Oenones complaint in blanke verse.*

Geo. Peele.

From Peele's *Araynement of Paris* 1584.

l. 25 Thou *A.* of *P.*, *Bullen* This *E.H.* Page 200, l. 1 fortunes] fortune *A.* of *P.* l. 2 them *A.* of *P.*, *Bullen* then *E.H.* The meaning of the two first lines of the second stanza is obscure as they stand in *E.H.*

Page 200. *The Sheepheards Consort.*

Out of Ma. Morleys Madrigals.

From Thomas Morley's *Madrigals to four Voyces—First Booke* 1594.

l. 7 Sheepheards] Sheepheards hark! *M.* to *f.* *V.* l. 8 harke] Harke you *M.* to *f.* *V.*

l. 10 whilst the jolly lads are springing. *M.* to *f.* *V.* l. 11 Goe we] Goe *M.* to *f.* *V.* l. 1

And all yon lads and merry lasses playing *M.* to *f.* *V.* l. 14 and] And how she *M.* to *f.* *V.*

l. 16 louely] loudly *M.* to *f.* *V.*

NOTES ON THE ADDITIONAL POEMS OF 1614.

¶ *I have not, in my notes to the 1600 edition, given the readings of the 1614 edition, as although it occasionally corrects the former it has presumably no independent authority.*

On the 20th December, 1613, John Flasket transferred his rights in *E.H.* to Richard More (S. R. Arber iii, 538), who in the following year issued an octavo edition with nine poems added:

ENGLANDS
HELICON.
OR
THE MVSES.
HARMONY.

*The Courts of Kings beare no such straines,
As daily lull the Rusticke Swaines.*

[Device]

LONDON:
Printed for RICHARD MORE, and are to
be sould at his Shop in S. Dunstanes
Church-yard. 1614.

Collation: [A]⁴, B-Q⁸, R⁴. The last leaf, which was doubtless a blank, is missing from the B.M. copy.

In the place of A.B.'s sonnet to Bodenham and his address to Wanton and Faucet, and Ling's address *To the Reader*, More substituted a dedicatory sonnet to Lady Elizabeth Cary:

TO THE TRVLV
VERTVOVS AND
Honourable Lady, the Lady
ELIZABETH CARIE.

D*Eigne worthy LADY, (Englands happy Muse,
Learnings delight, that all things else exceeds)
To shield from Enuies pawe and times abuse:
The tunefull noates of these our Shepheards reeds.*

*Sweet is the concord, and the Musicke such
That at it Riuers haue been seen to daunce,
When these musitians did their sweet pipes tuch
In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce.*

*The Satyre stopt his race to heare them sing,
And bright Apollo to these layes hath giuen
So great a gift, that any fauouring
The Shepheards quill, shall with the lights of Heauen*

*Haue equall fate: Then cherrish these (faire Stem)
So shall they liue by thee, and thou by them.*

Your Honours
euer to command

RICHARD MORE.

Lady Cary was the wife of Sir Henry Cary, first Viscount Falkland, and the mother of Lucius Cary, second Lord Falkland. She was herself a woman of learning and a poet.

More added *The Table of all the Songs and Pastorals, with the Authors names, contained in this Booke*. This *Table* I have not reprinted as it merely consists of the titles of the poems and the signatures appended to them in More's edition. In his attributions he follows Flasket's edition, as amended by the slips, and his *Table* practically corresponds to the headings to my notes except in the two instances mentioned therein.

The second edition appears to be at least as rare as the first. When

the Britwell Court copy, formerly in the possession of Farmer, Steevens and Heber, was sold in March, 1924, Messrs Sotheby were able to trace the existence of only two others, the Corser copy, now in the British Museum, and the Roxburgh-Daniel-Huth copy, sold in 1913.

Page 205. *An Inuectiue against Loue.*

First published in *Davisons Poetical Rapsody* 1602, reprinted in 1608, 1611 and 1621. In the B.M. is a manuscript (Harl. MS. 280 fo. 102) giving the first lines of a number of *Poems in Rhyme and Measured Verse* by A.W. This poem which follows *Another of Astrophell* (page 172 E.H. 1600) in More's edition, is included in the list. The manuscript is believed to be in the handwriting of Francis Davison, but who A.W. is has never been discovered. W. T. Linton threw out the very reasonable suggestion that the initials might stand for Anonymous Writer. See *Davisons Poetical Rhapsody*, edited by A. H. Bullen, 1890. The readings of the first edition of *Davisons Poetical Rapsody* have been given. They are taken from Bullen's edition.

l. 3 Not] Nor D.P.R.

Page 206. *Dispraise of Loue, and Louers follies.*

Ignoto.

From *Davisons Poetical Rapsody*. Attributed to A. W. in Harl. MS. 280 fo. 102. In More's edition the poem follows *The Shepheards Slumber* (page 181 E.H. 1600).

l. 8 Vnhappy] an happy D.P.R. l. 22 now warre againe] then war again D.P.R.

Page 206. *Two Pastorals, vpon thre friends meeting.*

S. Phil. Sidney.

First published in *Davisons Poetical Rapsody*, where it is headed, in the first edition, *Two Pastorals made by Sir Phillip Sidney neuer yet published, vpon his meeting with his two worthy friends, and fellow Poets, Sir Edward Dier and M. Fulke Grevill*. In More's edition the poem follows *Another of the same nature made since* (page 188 E.H. 1600).

Page 208, l. 2 your] you D.P.R.

Page 208. *An Heroicall Poeme.*

Ignoto.

From *Davisons Poetical Rapsody*. It is attributed to A. W. in Harl. MS. 280 fo. 102. In More's edition the poem follows *Thirsis the Shepheard to his Pipe* (page 192 E.H. 1600).

l. 21 hath] had D.P.R. Page 209, l. 5 he] and D.P.R.

Page 210. *The Louers absence kils me, her presence kils me.* *Ignoto.*

From *Davisons Poetical Rapsody*. It is attributed to A. W. in Harl. MS.

280 fo. 102). In More's edition the poem follows *Another of the same* (page 194 *E.H.* 1600). This poem has no title in the first edition of *D.P.R.*

l. 21 kills] cures *Bullen*.

Page 211. *Loue the only price of loue.*

Ignoto.

From *Davisons Poetical Rapsody*. Attributed to A.W. in Harl. MS. 280 fo. 102. In More's edition the poem follows *The Sheepheards Sunne* (page 196 *E.H.* 1600).

Page 212, l. 20 requite *D.P.R.* require *E.H.*

Page 213. *Thyrsis praise of his Mistresse.*

W. Browne.

First printed in *E.H.* 1614. This poem and the two following conclude More's edition.

Page 214. *A defiance to disdainefull loue.*

Ignoto.

From *Davisons Poetical Rapsody*. It is attributed to A.W. in Harl. MS. 280 fo. 102.

Page 215. An Epithalamium; or a Nuptiall Song, applied to the Ceremonies of Marriage.

Christopher Brooke.

First printed in *E.H.* 1614.

ERRATA

Page 74, line 4 *for* slow read *flow*

Page 217, line 23 *for Bea* read *Bed*

INDEX OF AUTHORS

THE poems have been indexed under the names of the authors to whom they are ascribed in E.H. Where they are anonymous or their attributions are known to be incorrect, they have also been indexed under the names of their real authors so far as these have been ascertained, and in cases of doubtful authorship they have been indexed under the names of the authors to whom they can, with any reason, be ascribed. Page numbers are given in brackets for all attributions other than those of E.H.

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